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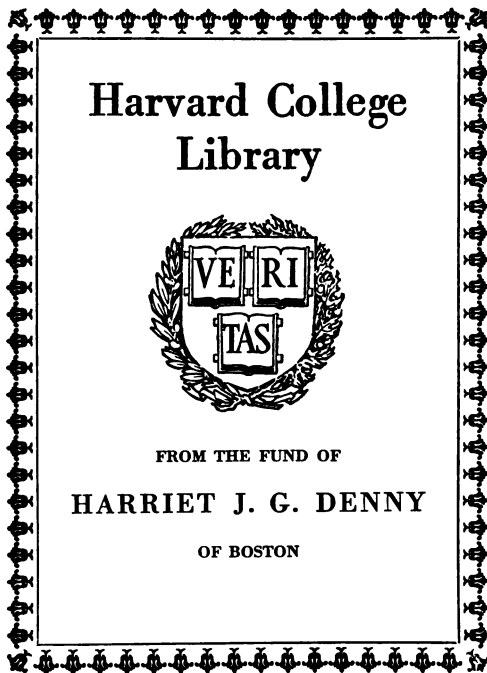
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IRISH VARIETIES.

IRISH VARIETIES,

FOR THE

LAST FIFTY YEARS:

WRITTEN FROM RECOLLECTIONS,

BY J. D. HERBERT.

CONSISTING OF

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, OCCUR-
RENCES, EVENTS, PROFESSIONS, ESTABLISHMENTS,
THE STAGE, THE BAR, THE PULPIT;

AND A PLAN FOR

RELIEVING THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

THE FIRST SERIES.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM JOY,
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1836.

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G. H. Davidson, Printer,
Tudor Street, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

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TO JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS volume of miscellaneous matter, Sketches from my View of Irish Times for the last fifty years and upwards, I dedicate to you, in admiration of your pure, patriotic feeling, your high dramatic talents as an author and actor, and in esteem for your private virtues.

I remain, my dear Sheridan Knowles,

Your sincere friend,

J. D. HERBERT.

23, *Alfred Street,*
Bedford Square.

PREFACE.

MOST of the characters described in the following work, I have been acquainted with,—therefore my account of them is original and written with truth. The sketches of the early lives of those persons *now living*, I made from having often heard it regretted such memoirs had not been given by their biographers, though volumes had been published on their lives. Indeed, it might not have been common to have met with persons so long acquainted with them, or so mindful of their progress, as myself,—therefore I

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undertook the task more freely. How I have succeeded my readers must determine. I have had great pleasure in enjoying the power of memory in gleaning from my store-house of recollections the happy days I spent with such rare characters, and it affords me much satisfaction to pay the tribute of gratitude to those that have conferred on me, through life, obligations not easily repaid.

The occurrences, events, customs, and manners, set down, are not arranged in chronological order; but I have attended to their position as nearly as possible as to regular succession.

The plan for the peasantry, I trust, will find some praiseworthy character to begin with, and no doubt the plan will be followed. It has often been proposed, but scouted as an absurdity. Po-

sitive proof now stands up against such objections. Arthur Young's Tour gives examples quite sufficient to satisfy any sceptic on the subject.

As to *talking* of relieving them, *fine speeches* have been made, but "the charitable wish feeds not the hungry." Something must be done besides coercion,—and nothing can be more feasible than this plan. Besides, in the end, the landholder will be a gainer by the change,—and that is not a bad speculative view of the subject.

Should this Volume prove worthy of public favour, another Series can be prepared for the press, events and occurrences nearer the present time: such as the Rebellion, Insurrection, and many subjects of an interesting nature; some connected with England, and the English Drama; Anecdotes of Characters—F.

Aichin, Miss Melon, Miss Murray, Mr. Charles Young and the Liverpool Theatre, Master Betty, and the public rage during his run. In private characters—the Londonderry family, and some Northern Anecdotes, more Patch-work, Odds and Ends, Shreds and Fragments.

The Author returns thanks to his Subscribers : he has been withheld from publishing a list, by many having made objection to their names being inserted.

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THE ACTRESS.

“ All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.”—SHAKESPEARE.

ON the south wall leading to the Pigeon-house, about two miles from Dublin, is a convenient bathing-place. Returning from it one fine summer's day, in the year 1780, a lad, about fourteen years of age, with a handkerchief bundle in his hand, accosted me; he told me he had just landed from Wales, accompanied by his mother and two sisters; that they were going up to Dublin, and were perfect strangers. Finding I was going to town, he expressed a wish to be permitted to accompany me; I assented, and we halted until the ladies came up; he introduced me, and I was struck at their handsome and interesting appearance: they told me they wanted comfortable, but not expensive, lodgings. I said I thought it would be in my power to conduct them to a house where they could be accommodated; we proceeded to South Great George's Street, and found apartments that suited: I knew the

proprietor, and made a good agreement for them. My residence was only three doors from theirs, so I attended them frequently until they were settled to their wishes. I soon discovered their pursuit was the stage: this gave me great pleasure, for I was exceedingly fond of the boards. The mother, I learned, had been an actress, but on marrying a captain on half-pay, he retired for economy to Wales, where he resided until death called him away. She had, by his desire, given up the stage, and had nothing but the allowance of a captain's widow for the support of herself and three children. That sum she found insufficient, even in Wales, and as she wished to educate her children well, she resorted to her former pursuit, and was then enabled to fulfil her wishes in that respect. Her eldest daughter was handsome, and promised well, and as she grew up gave strong proofs of talent for personification. She therefore cultivated her for the stage; she was naturally graceful and lady-like, which rendered the accomplishments of dancing and music easy of acquirement. English and French she had learned, and was considered a very great proficient in both, and was always noticed in company as an elegant young lady. Her mother had a letter to Mr. Ryder, then the proprietor and manager of the Theatre-Royal; and surely, if an actor was capable of

directing a theatre, he should have been the best, for no man was possessed of more general ability for acting, and he was liberal in imparting all he knew to those in his company who required and would receive his instruction: this was an invaluable quality, and not commonly found in persons of such eminent talent as he possessed. He heard the young lady, and approved of her probationary attempts, which, he said, were seldom delivered with so much ease at the first trial; from his fiat of approval and the report of the whole company who heard her at rehearsal, great expectation was formed, and the public were anxiously watchful for her approaching *debut*.

Mr. Ryder left nothing undone to render her complete in the character, so that when her first appearance was advertised, all the play-going people were resolved to witness this young aspirant. The house was filled at an early hour, and on her coming out the cheering was so great that some minutes passed before silence was obtained, and then the poor young lady could not utter a word. Mr. Ryder prompted, tried to encourage her, but all in vain; her efforts proved abortive; a nervous affection seized on her tongue, and paralyzed her. This most painful scene was closed by Mr. Ryder coming on and leading her off the stage: he then returned, and made known the cause, which after

such rehearsals as he had witnessed, he declared was unprecedented—at least, to his knowledge; he stated her hopeless situation, and trusted she would on a future night get more courage. Meantime, if he had permission of the house, he would offer a young lady to take her place; he threw himself on the indulgence and kindness of his friends, and hoped they would consider how painful a situation his was at that moment. A general assent was given, and the play went on.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, the subject was discussed as much as if the lady had acted: it furnished tea-parties with a gossip story for some weeks.

On the day after the failure, Mr. Ryder called to console the ladies; I was present; the poor mother shed tears; he intreated her to be more passive, —she should not be a loser, for he would make room for her in his company, and she might consider herself engaged from that night at the salary he was to have given her daughter; he requested her to furnish him with a list of characters that she was prepared in, and he would lose no time in giving her occupation; that Miss Frances might get familiar with country companies, and there was every reason to hope for her restoration. Meantime, he thought it advisable to try Dolly, her younger daughter.

The mother, greatly penetrated by Mr. Ryder's voluntary and disinterested friendship, thanked him in the best manner she could under the conflicting state of mind her situation had excited ; but as to Dolly, she feared it would be a vain hope her studying a part.

" Yes, mother, I would, if Mr. Ryder wishes me to do so."

" Why, it was but just now you have been jumping down stairs ; I heard you boast of having taken one step more than your brother, or this young lad, dare attempt. Then, see, Mr. Ryder, how untidy she is, her stockings down."

" Oh ! I don't mind that," said Ryder, " we'll have them gartered—nay, cross-gartered, if necessary. Eh, Dolly ! shan't we ?"

" Yes, sir ;" and away she ran to adjust her dress.

Then her mother observed, how plain in point of looks she was, the small-pox having spoiled her face.

" Oh," said Ryder ; " surely, you ought to know the stage hides all these trifling blemishes."

Dolly returned, cheerful and quite smartened up.

" Let me see," said Ryder, looking in her face, " ay, small-pox, indeed, and very small in our region ; I'll answer for her. Here, Dolly, take

this book and get the part of Phœbe; you know the play, 'As you Like it.' I'll hear you when perfect, and we'll then have a rehearsal, and with some hints and directions, out you come in about a fortnight. If I should fail in my judgment now, I shall give up prognostics in dramatic pursuits; but I have no doubt of your success, and that will give your sister courage." Then, taking the hand of the elder sister, "I know you won't be outdone, farewell! Dolly, get perfect, and I'll see you all soon again. Pray, Madam, keep up your spirits, all will yet be well."

The whole party were lifted up by this visit of the manager. Dolly set about her first lesson. Her brother and I were obliged to practise our gymnastics together, as Dolly never joined us after in any of our feats.

When Mr. Ryder had given her the necessary instruction, she made her first appearance, and with such eclat that, when her second night was given out, the applause amounted to acclamation, and lasted some minutes. She then performed all the Hoydens, and gave such perfect satisfaction that no actress in the memory of the audiences of that day could be compared with her for excellence. Several interesting characters were added to her list: one, Sophia, in the Lord of the Manor, in which she introduced a pleasing song

of Milton oysters ; this favourite character she repeated several nights. She had a peculiar turn for epilogue speaking : one was written expressly for her at her benefit, to be spoken in the character of an Irish Volunteer. She appeared in that dress one of the prettiest soldiers that fancy could form, and went through the manual exercise with such spirit as to draw forth reiterated peals of applause ; this was frequently requested by the desire of distinguished personages, and she became a general favourite ; — a celebrated performer of the present day reminds me of her in a similar dress and exercise—*Madame Vestris*. Her fame now spread wide in every direction, and with justice ; abilities like her's could not be over-rated ; her requisites, too, were so liberally bestowed by Nature's hand in a giving mood that all effort was veiled, and art completely hid by her admirable power of personification ; she had such command of countenance that, from an arch or spirited look, she would quickly change to a simple or interesting appearance : the quickness of transition in her change of expression was admirable. Her eyes, it is true, were powerful auxiliaries ; indeed, her whole face, had it been made for her pursuit, could not be formed more perfect ; it had a little of a French air, which was no small recommendation ; for the Irish gentry at that

period were infatuated with a taste for everything French. Then her figure, so playful, yet well-turned, would have furnished a sculptor with a model for the Comic Muse. Her great success, with her mother's salary, placed them in easy circumstances; but a change took place in the management of the theatre. Ryder having taken Crow Street Theatre, intended to remove his company there, the situation being much superior to Smock Alley, a theatre of a greater size. He therefore gave up Smock Alley to its original proprietor, which Mr. Daly, an actor in his company, slyly availed himself of, and became master of it; then, by stratagem and inducements, got the best part of Ryder's company to join him. This retarded Ryder's plan of opening Crow Street; so that Daly had the field, and Miss Frances and her mother fell into his hands. The Belle's Stratagem and the Lord of the Manor having had a great run, the Count of Narbonne, then acting with great applause in London, was to be got up immediately. An Adelaide was wanting, as Daly's company was not yet completely filled. Captain Jephson, author of the play, came to the theatre, and after a trial of reading from the candidates, Miss D. Frances was selected as the best. The public were surprised at the choice of a Hoyden to perform a part in tragedy of such feeling and

interest; but they were cured of their surprise by astonishment when they beheld her in the part perform it to such admiration, that the author declared, if she had made her *debut* in that part, there was every probability of her making as good an impression in tragedy as she had in comedy. This play of the Count of Narbonne had a considerable run, and to the last performance gave satisfaction; and Miss D. Frances, in Adelaide, continued to delight the audience: it stamped her fame as a performer of the very first rate.

Mrs. Daly, unquestionably the best actress then living for elegant and lively comedy, was greatly interested for Miss D. Frances, and gave her all the professional advice she required: this was the liberality that should always accompany genius; but few of the greatest performers could boast of that quality like Mrs. Daly.

Our heroine now stood high in the theatre and with the town. Her benefits were fully attended, and she received often, on those nights, large presents from the wealthy and persons of distinction; her family shared with her in all their wishes, and she was always giving to the distressed applicants, of which there was no small number connected with the theatres: in fine, she knew not how to save, but was always thinking who she should most assist, or who had served her in the

slightest way that she had forgot to reward. One day she asked me why I did not join her brother on Sundays at little country excursions. I pleaded business—books to post for my father. “You don’t post books on Sunday. I fear you are not kept in pocket-money. Now, tell me what do they allow you?”

“I have no allowance of money to throw away; but I don’t want. I am found in every necessary article, and have so much employment I have no time nor inclination to spend money as I see boys do—I think, unnecessarily.”

“Well, I am surprised, notwithstanding, you have no allowance of pocket-money!”

“I have never received sixpence from father or mother on that account.”

“Why, I have seen you receive money frequently.”

“Oh, yes, large sums pass daily through my hands.”

She said no more at that time; but in a day or two she took occasion to show me a very pretty medal she had just been presented with. I took it in my hand, and observed it would make a very good medal to wear: it was a crown-piece as sharp as if just struck from the die, and yet it was not a new coinage, I observed, and wondered how it had been kept so fresh.

"Some miser," she replied ; "I have relieved it from captivity, and you shall wear it out, for my sake. Put it in your pocket."

I begged to be excused ; it was all in vain. She was peremptory, and I had to pocket the crown. "Don't mention it at your father's house, for they might take offence at my meddling with their family concerns ; nor don't let my brother know, for I should pay him double : he is fond of a little run in the country ; do some day join him. I shall charge myself with being your banker in this little way ; you have been attentive to us all, and pray indulge me in this liberty."

"Well, I shall do what I can ; but your brother is too freakish for me when abroad : here I like his stories and mimicry, but when out of your sight he is under no control."

She found means frequently to repeat this gift, particularly when she thought I wanted to assist my practice in drawing, which I had taken up ; and it was my only relief after my hours of business. I should not say only, for I had no pleasure so great as to see her perform, and she never let me want orders for myself and friends. She continued her career of good fortune until Daly became an encourager of stars from London, thus sacrificing his good company to the shelf, and amongst the rest Miss D. Frances was neglected. The greatest favourite,

if unseen, is soon forgotten, and she was obliged to try for an engagement in England. She was fortunate to get one at York, where Tate Wilkinson was proprietor, as he was a man of some conscientious feeling, the reverse of Mr. Daly, who regarded her no more, when he had served his turn and gleaned all that was to be expected from a neglected favourite. Poor girl, I went to see her on her departure ; and having learned that she was rather pinched in means, I carried a bag of crowns which I had laid by of her giving, amounting to about £5; and after prefacing my wish, I placed it before her for her acceptance, and told her I had not wanted or should have used them ; that now she saw I had proved my words, —that they were her own, &c. I shall never forget her look at my speech : she tried to smile, but I saw a tear forcing its way ; she turned from me and went to a closet, returned, and assumed a grave and solemn manner, and said that she had a few words to say to me, but until I put my money in my pocket she would not speak to me, and if I refused she never would speak more. I saw I had nearly lost her, and I would not have given her offence on any account.

“ No,” said she, “ then I will not ; nor would I, if more distressed, touch a penny of what I had hoped you had taken in good part—a small token of

gratitude for all the kind and good-natured acts you have done for me, and my dear family. Now, I have perceived you have, besides drawing, caught a passion for the stage. I had intended to have mentioned this to you before, but latterly my spirits were so low, and I have been so much reversed in fortune and happiness, that it escaped my memory : affliction was new to me, and I did not know the extent it may go to in a short time ; therefore I was unprepared to meet it. Now, what I want is to give you my idea of reading a part, as I have heard you are going to undertake Hotspur in a private play : here is a book, let me hear you read that part."

I read ; she then took the book and read the same speech.

"Now, as you have thought well of my reading, do you find any difference in our manner?"

"Yes, you lay the emphasis on different words."

"That's exactly what I want to convey to you as a general rule, not to emphasize monosyllables, unless in some very particular passage where the force is evidently to be placed. You require no other lesson. I have heard you often, and know you will find great advantage in this simple rule. I won't advise you against the stage, as I think it useless : you will try it, and nothing can prevent you, I well know. If you should, may you

have all the success I wish you : now, fare you well,—may you be happy. I shall never think of Dublin without recollecting your friendly acts to us all.”

I took my leave, and saw no more of that transcendant creature for some years, and then only on the London boards, where I soon recognised her, and enjoyed the scene whenever she was concerned. I could not believe those who asserted her acting then was superior to her performances in Dublin ; I indeed acknowledged she was more finished, but her easy and familiar style of speaking was strained by the high tone she was obliged to adopt to fill the area of these oversized theatres. Now, the Dublin Theatre was as large as any English theatre ought to be, and had the audiences in London the possibility of witnessing great performers in houses of that size, where they can see, and hear, and discriminate, they would never set their faces in such large houses, but set their faces against them.

Miss D. Frances appeared in York under the name of Mrs. Jordan, christened by Tate Wilkinson, and her success there procured her a London engagement. Her biographers have, I conclude, given her memoirs from that period. I never read them, lest I should be induced to deviate from what I had witnessed myself, and I considered

there were materials enough for the early life of such a distinguished character.

From her departure to York I had no interview with her until chance produced one a short time before she left England finally. It happened thus: I was going from Dublin to London, and met, in one of the Holyhead packets, Mrs. Davison, the celebrated London performer, and her husband. We had some conversation on the passage, and agreed to post from Holyhead to Capel Kereig; there we remained a day to view that delightful spot. We then proceeded to Birmingham; and in the evening I accompanied them behind the scenes. Elliston had the theatre, and I had been acquainted with him; so I was permitted to range about,—I took my station at one of the stage-doors. The play was the *Soldier's Daughter*, and Mrs. Jordan was playing the *Widow Cheerly*. Whenever she made entrance or exit near my station, I fixed my eyes on her; indeed, I could not keep them off. The play over, and she prepared to leave the theatre. She came to the door where I was posted, waiting to see the farce. She appeared to require the place where I stood to beckon to some person in an opposite box to come to her. I retired a little, and gave place to her, bowing. When she had noticed the person she required, she made a return for my

being displaced, and said, "I have observed, sir, that you have looked at me very particularly during the whole evening. I think I have seen you before, but where I cannot bring to mind."

I said—"Yes, madam, in Dublin."

"Dublin," she repeated; "your name, pray."

I told her my name.

"Is it possible you are the person I was so well acquainted with, and so many years ago, and in happy days?"

She then inquired where I had been, and in what line of profession. I replied, I had lived chiefly in Dublin; that I was a portrait painter, and had been some time an actor.

"I remember I prophesied your becoming an actor; how is it I have never met you? I might have been of some service to you; and I assure you it would have given me great pleasure to have forwarded you in either pursuits, if in my power. I am not forgetful of your bag of crowns: pray why did you not let me know when you commenced actor? Surely, I could have done something in that way for you."

"I told her that I believed she would, and thanked her; but that it happened I never was in any of those theatres she performed in, and that I had given up that pursuit, after the troubles in Ireland had subsided, as I had only acted from

their commencement, painting having declined during that period in Ireland.

“You are now, then, returned to painting; perhaps it may not be too late; where do you generally reside?”

“In London,” I answered; “but my occupation at present requires me in Dublin. I intend to visit England again.”

“On your return, then, pray let me see you; if I may be in any place you visit, I’ll attend to your interest, rely upon it, and do what I can.”

She then feelingly spoke of her mother and sister, and the harmony and affection they shared together, which my appearance that night brought so strongly to her recollection. She took leave of me most kindly, and I returned to my post to see the farce, but not able to enjoy it, so fully was my mind engaged with the happiness of the late scene, in which I bore a part. When I next visited London, I inquired and found, to my regret, she had gone to France; and, to my greater affliction, she never returned.

A few years after I came to reside in London, and brought amongst my pictures one I had made of the visit of his late Majesty, George the Fourth, to Ireland. I sent it to Somerset House, where it was received and exhibited in the great room; and as it is the only picture attempted on

that important event, which will be historically recorded, I hoped some person of feeling, for the memory of that departed monarch, would have retained the picture, to have it as an illustration of that occurrence ; but no person ever applied, nor was I questioned about the matter. Then did I feel the loss of my worthy friend : had she been living, I should not have wanted a purchaser. However, I have still the pleasure of having testified my feeling on that occasion, by viewing frequently a memorial of that splendid king whose public acts of improvement in this magnificent city will render his memory dear to every British subject.

THE ACTOR, THE AUTHOR, AND LIBERAL SENATOR.

CAPT. JEPHSON was of a high family in England, had been educated at Oxford for one of the learned professions, but preferred the army. He had entered one of those newly raised regiments during the American war, which had suffered much in that country by reduction, and he was on half-pay waiting preferment, when, being fond of the drama, he amused himself in some private theatres at the houses of persons of fashion; and having got acquainted with Mr. Garrick, who perceiving he had some promise, gave him instructions. Having the freedom of the scenes, he profitted by Garrick's acting, and caught all his strong points, so that his improvement reached Garrick's ears, and he having seen him perform, it was said he repented of having taught him, and declared he never would be guilty of such folly again; for should Jephson fail in obtaining promotion in the army and turn actor, he (Garrick) might turn out. In this highly cultivated state was Mr. Jephson, when one night, as Lord Townsend was conversing with Mr. Garrick behind the

scenes at Old Drury, his Lordship mentioned he was going to Ireland as Viceroy, and asked if he could do any thing for him in that country.

“ No, I thank you, my Lord, I don’t know of any thing in Ireland ;” then, in his hesitating manner, recollecting himself, “ Oh, yes, my Lord! you can do me the greatest possible service ; you perceive this young gentleman, hanging on my shoulder like an incubus ;—if your lordship would be so good to release me from his attachment by taking him with you and giving him some situation ; he is a young gentleman of good family and well educated—allow me to make him known to your lordship—Lieut. Jephson, he will not disgrace your lordship in any appointment you may place him ; I will be responsible for him. Now, my Lord, if you do not take him, he will go upon the stage, offend his family, and I shall bear the blame for his so doing. The truth is, I have encouraged him, and he is clever—nay, so clever, that I fear, in such an event, he might push me from my stool.”

Lord Townsend smiled at this.

“ You may smile, my Lord, but my statement is too true ; so that you can prevent the evil, and save me from this formidable rival.”

Lord Townsend replied, “ I will take him

Can you, Mr. Jephson, be ready to join me next week,—you shall form one in my suite?"

"I can, my Lord," said Jephson, "and shall feel ever bound to your lordship for the favour you honour me with. I shall hold myself in readiness to attend your lordship's order."

"Ay," said Garrick, "order,—he has not forgot his profession; he is a lieutenant on half-pay, has been in America, so you can make him an aid-de-camp. I feel deeply indebted to your lordship, and shall look for his well-doing under your auspices."

Accordingly Mr. Jephson attended his lordship to Ireland, got a company, and was made an aid-de-camp. Soon after he was appointed master of horse, and had suitable apartments in Dublin Castle; he held that important station as long as his health permitted, and during the government of several viceroys. He soon got into parliament, and his liberality of mind shone conspicuously in a speech he made, in the year 1774, in favour of the Roman Catholics, pointing out the disabilities they laboured under, and the necessity of placing them on an equality with the rest of his Majesty's subjects; and it is as strong a document of universal benevolence as could be uttered, and a proof that the Catholic cause had been as well advocated

above fifty years since as it could have been, and *that*, strange to say, by an officer of high station in his Majesty's government; the speech I have annexed to this memoir, for the satisfaction of such readers as may find interest in the cause, or feeling for the sentiments.

His passion for the drama being unabated, he vented his ardour in writing; he wrote the "*Law of Lombardy*," "*Braganza*," "*The Count of Narbonne*:" they were all successful. In getting up "*The Count of Narbonne*," he discovered the talents of J. P. Kemble, which until that period had not been developed. Mr. Kemble had been for some time performing in Dublin without making any impression on the town, owing to a negligent and heavy manner of delivery, and more so in deportment; it must be observed he had received but little instructions from his first setting out as an actor, which had not commenced until his return from St. Omer's, where he had been educated for a Roman Catholic priest. He opened in *Hamlet*, but with no prospect of success in that first rank; then *Old Norval*, nothing promising even in that character. He was put into Mr. Strickland, in the "*Suspicious Husband*;" Sir G. Touchwood, in the "*Belle's Stratagem*;" these two latter characters he repeated during a long run of the pieces, and had not Capt. Jeph-

son, by accident, discovered his latent abilities, he might have long been a good man delver in that grave and heavy line in comedy.

Capt. Jephson's discovery was made at a dinner at Mr. Daly's, *the proprietor's* house. Mr. Kemble was present, and sat next to Capt. Jephson. They had been the whole evening conversing on different subjects, and the captain found in Mr. Kemble, to his surprise, every quality he considered necessary to form a great actor; he was above all struck with his classical knowledge, and he resolved on giving him the Count in his play, which was to be got up without delay. Accordingly he put the part into his hand, and proposed a plan for improving his deportment, a drill-serjeant and a foreign dancing-master. Under their tuition Mr. Kemble was enabled to hold up his head and get rid of his lounging gait; also he acquired a mastership of his person, so that his figure approached perfection, and he then acquired a freedom of action, that few, if any of the profession, have since attained; then he read with him, showed him how to make a point, and assisted him in modulation and the variation of tone, which Capt. Jephson understood perhaps better than any other person then living, Garrick excepted.

Thus prepared, Mr. Kemble came out a new

man, no trace of his former manner appearing; the impression he made was unexampled; the play ran forty nights that season, and the next it continued its attractive power. The Kemble rage then took place, and he performed a range of all the first characters in tragedy; Jephson still opening his store-house of knowledge to him which Garrick had built, and which contained such treasure that Mr. Kemble had to draw on, not only at that time, but during his whole stage life. His fame in Dublin procured him an engagement in London, where he was placed at the top of his profession; his improvement in costume and his high finish in several parts were, I believe, his own, and he has not been equalled, nor do I think we have any chance of seeing his like again.

Capt. Jephson took uncommon pains to finish Mr. Kemble in Macbeth, and no man was better qualified for the task, he, Jephson, having performed the character to admiration, at that elegant private theatre, at the Lodge, in the Phoenix Park, then occupied by Luke Gardner, Esq., afterwards Lord Mountjoy, Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Gardner, and all the other characters by persons of high rank. I had the good fortune to see that performance, and with such satisfaction, that to go into a regular critique now would occupy too

much of our pages, and from the distance of time it might fail in interest, the performers being nearly all dead. Indeed, I don't know of any of them being alive, except Horne, the portrait-painter, who played one of the murderers: it is true the hero is no more, but I require to speak of him from his connexion with my subject. I have, therefore, to state my opinion, that since Garrick there has been no *Macbeth* equal to Capt. Jephson; and I am borne out by the opinion also of the late Edward Tregle, Esq., the greatest dramatic reader and critic we have known in Dublin for the last fifty years. I have seen all the *Macbeths* from Smith's time down to the present day, and if there be an *Elysium*, they are all walking after Jephson in procession, and at a humble distance, for in my mind he left them all very far behind him; in fine, I never saw the character so well acted, but it is the most difficult of Shakespeare's characters, and does least for the actor unless the performance is excellent.

SPEECH OF CAPTAIN JEPHSON IN FAVOR OF
THE CATHOLICS.

The bill was brought in by Mr. Langrish, & was to allow Papists to take building leases in corporate towns and in the country.

Irish Parliament, Feb. 11th, 1774.

Capt. Jephson,—“ In regard to the popery laws, we may observe that they are so full of persecution, that they are written as it were in blood, and there can be no excuse to humanity for enacting them but necessity ; but no penal laws should be suffered to exist after the necessity for making them had ceased. We lament the impoverishment of our country and large tracts of uncultivated land, but the dire effects have flowed not from the restrictions put on by a sister country,—not from the oppression of landlords,—not from the natural sloth and laziness of the inhabitants, but solely from the influence of those popery laws which have made us a divided people. Those laws are contrary to religion, for religion says, “ honour your parents,” whilst THEY cry out BETRAY THEM. We may also observe, that bigotry and superstition in papists are almost extinct, even in convents ; the Pope’s Bulls, which were formerly the terror, are now become the ridicule of the Catholic world ; therefore, as Papists are not now what they were in former ages, they deserve a much different treatment from that which their forefathers received from our forefathers.”

THE DRAMATIC READER AND GENERAL CENSOR

MR. EDWARD TIGHE, of the county of Wicklow, a gentleman of high family, had incurred an early taste for English reading and speaking, ~~from~~ *from* ~~an~~ *Irish* accent; this taste he cultivated with industry to become the best English reader of his day — Shakespeare and Milton were his favourite authors: with a volume of each in his hand he has entertained auditors in the first circles of London; wherever he visited, he became the *prætor eloquentiarum*; cards and gaming vanished at his approach, and no party, however select, could be considered perfect without Mr. E. Tighe. So much was his fame rung in my ears, I was resolved, if possible, to hear him ~~some~~ *some* time, and soon a favourable circumstance occurred to gratify my wishes.

Mr. A. M. Lez was Secretary of the office of Impressed Accounts, where Mr. Tighe was first commissioner; this gentleman was asking of me for his portrait, during which process I expressed my anxious desire to hear Mr. Tighe's readings. His promise! to oblige me. He said he intended to

bring Mr. Tighe to see my works in general, but his portrait in particular, as he hoped to induce him to sit to me;—the reading would follow of course.

On the next day I saw Mr. Tighe and Mr. M'Lean cross from their office, Foster Place, to my painting-rooms at the opposite side of College Green. After their admission at the hall door, and sufficient time having passed to expect their entrance in my room, I opened the door to inquire the cause of delay, when I found them engaged with my little son of five years old, who with his gun stood sentinel on the lobby; he had challenged them with the usual queries, "Who goes there?"—"Friends."—"What friends are you?" "Friends to the state and liegemen to the Dane." This answer puzzled him, and he testily asked—"the word."

Mr. Tighe whispered him, saying, "what is the word."

The child, unwittingly said, in a low tone, "blood and bones!"

Then Mr. Tighe proclaimed "blood and bones" aloud.

"Pass, friends!" and the soldier drew back, making way for the gentlemen, who, laughing heartily, entered, having played the old soldier on the young one, as Mr. Tighe remarked. He then

looked at my pictures, pointing out his friend Mac, and approved of the likeness; he said he would sit for his portrait, and that I might get well acquainted with his character of countenance he requested my company to dinner on the ensuing day; he observed "it would be as great an advantage as a sitting."

I told him I would not fail to attend; and after some desultory conversation he and his friend rose to depart.

On going down, the soldier still on his post, Mr. Tighe said, "We must have 'blood and bones' at dinner; bring him with you, there is a young boy at my house will be a companion for him."

On the next day we made our way to Leeson-street, and were received by Mr. Tighe, and introduced to the party, consisting of six gentlemen, as follow:—Col. Mansergh St. George, Mr. Lawrence Clinch, the first actor of that day, Mr. M'Lean, Mr. Tom Browne, a deputy and receiver for Mr. Tighe in some situation he held in one of the law courts, Mr. Phil. Adams, a celebrated mimic and sculptor, and Mr. Fullerton, an attorney, another deputy of Mr. Tighe's.

Dinner announced, we made our way to that desirable spectacle; there we found a lady, who graced the table, a Mrs. Jackson. She was house-keeper, a fine comely woman, of a large model,

very like the *Antique of Ariadne*, which she was called, as a pet name. Her little son and my young soldier sat beside each other, at a small table; and, all arranged, the work went bravely on.

Dinner, that great cement on all public occasions, even in private, proves a sedative, and renders us malleable, particularly when followed up with good wine, which that day was given us with an unsparing hand. After some rounds, Mr. Tighe related several interesting anecdotes, Adams gave mimicry, Clinch told some humorous stories, and Tom Browne followed him with ludicrous sarcastic descriptions that came under his observation,—he was like old vinegar. I was called upon and did my best; then Mr. Tighe read Shakespeare passages from *Othello*. All I had heard of him was short of his merit; he was truly the most perfect reader I ever heard. When he had ceased reading, we had a round of glasses; his health was drank, and he made a speech, which gave infinite pleasure; it conveyed a perfect idea of a man of genius, delighting in the society of persons capable of appreciating such entertainment, and how happy it made him, not only in our attentive deportment, but in complimenting him when he was most complimented by our patient hearing, &c. I expressed myself happy at the treat I had enjoyed in hearing those

beautiful passages displayed in such a masterly manner, but most of all was I surprised at the pure English accent.

Mr. Tighe then gave us a memoir of his life during his study, and explained the manner he adopted to acquire that desirable object :—" When young, I became attached to Shakespeare and Milton, and practised aloud, but my ears accustomed to the accent of Dublin, I was not aware of the pernicious habit I had acquired, until I went to Eton school; there I found myself out, and laboured to gain the prize in examinations. The youths at that college were chiefly English, and of high family, untainted with provincial or cockney accent; I selected a few young men whose accent I approved of, and intreated of them to watch me in my speech or reading, and take notes, which they would oblige me by occasionally giving me. I then prevailed on them to read the passages, that I might profit thereby: they were flattered by the deference I paid to their superior endowments, and were very attentive to my request. I by this plan got rid of my native accent, by the time I had finished my studies at Eton; but I am sorry to observe, that had I not adopted that or some scheme of improvement *myself*, there was no *English* tuition there that could have improved me, for many of my colleagues left

Eton with the same accent they had brought into it. So far I owed to my own incessant practical labour, joined to the critical notes of my school-fellows, &c. the removal of that mountain. Next I had to discover the most approved pronunciation of certain words that must be doubtful to young or uninformed readers; this appeared to be a never-ending labour, and I had to recur to the senate, the bar, and the stage. The *latter*, when I returned to Ireland, was my best school: *that* led me into a liking for the drama, particularly as my reading of Shakespeare was approved of. My father had fears that I should turn *player*, as he called it—sometimes *stroller*, and that I should marry or be cozened by some tragedy queen, and so ‘strut and fret my hour on’ and off the stage.

“ ‘Now,’ said he, ‘Ned, you are preparing to go to London to study the law, if the stage should not divert you from that laudable pursuit. I’ll not say more to you on the subject, as I know that remonstrance rather confirms than removes infatuation, and argument proves abortive; but I have done the best in my power to direct your choice in a profession. You will, by becoming a barrister, make me, your father, *happy*; but if you should be induced to prefer the stage, I have made a provision for you in London that you may

do it like a gentleman. You will find at a house to which I shall write you a letter of credit a loan lodged that will give you a power of drawing £600 per annum. Thus you will have no control, and I shall have nothing to charge myself with of neglect of duty and affection, but will rely on your honourable and filial return for my parental care of you.'

" This noble act of my father penetrated me so deeply, I made a resolution to abandon the idea of becoming an actor, but did not give up dramatic reading, nor did I avoid the theatre. I provided myself with lodgings in Southampton-street, near Garrick's house, and was introduced to him by Dance, the portrait-painter. I had the good fortune to please him, so that I could draw on him for the true acceptation of words, or for the newest reading of doubtful passages; he made me free of the theatre, and though I attended there every night, I still lived a regular life, did not neglect my law studies or attendance at the Temple; but English reading was my chief practice, and the advantage I derived from having the ear and mouth of Garrick to direct me, led me on still to perfect myself, and all the knowledge I possess has grown from his advice and instruction; then I had the pleasure of constantly seeing him act—an indescribable gratification. Thus was I

favoured with the best tuition which could be had for my favourite study, and I lost no opportunity of availing myself of improvemenst."

He then related many of his inquiries: when at a loss for the best pronounciation of a word, he would place himself at his street door, and watch Garrick going to rehearsal; when they saluted, Mr. Tighe would say, "Pray, Sir, would you say wind or wynde?"

Garrick replied, "Gad! I'd say both, would not you?"

The conversation continued on Garrick. Mr. Clinch complained of his overbearing temper, and wondered how Mr. Tighe could have kept on terms with him; for he (Clinch), though not of a violent disposition, could not agree with him. He had been one of the company at Drury-Lane, and had been on such terms with Garrick that he was allowed the freedom of his private box. He happened to go, on a particular night, into the box; when Garrick and some ladies were in the front; he entered and sat down on the back seat next the door, and not intending to remain, as he saw the party was private; he was just waiting until the scene was over, not wishing to interrupt by opening and shutting the door until that period arrived. Garrick turning round and seeing him seated with his hat on, and not knowing his in-

tention, took off Clinch's hat, pointing to the ladies, then laid his hat down on the back bench. Though this was done in dumb show, it attracted the company, disconcerted Clinch, and he walked out of the box. On the next morning he sent to Garrick, demanding an apology or a meeting; the apology was made, but the freedom of the box and the friendly intercourse were discontinued, and at the end of the season no renewal of an engagement was offered. Thus was all the proffered kindness mere froth, inasmuch as the penalty was greater than the crime, and Mr. Garrick evidently apologised for his own safe keeping.

Mr. Tighe said he could not defend him in that case, but if Mr. Clinch had studied political economy, he would have let that act pass, considering him proprietor, and how much an actor was in his power,—but it was past, and could not be recalled; he was sorry, as it deprived Clinch of a permanent engagement in London, and in a line that would have given him that celebrity, that in a few years he need not have feared Garrick, as he could have commanded engagement at the other house.

In the midst of this conversation a little cockney footman, that Mr. Tighe had brought from London, came into the room *uncalled*: this was a great and unpardonable crime. He was asked what he wanted.

He held a paper in his hand, and with great humility, and at every word a stop, said "Your tailor, Sir, has called to beg for a frank for his son, who is in London preparing to go to the West Indies. He would not have dared to come at this hour, but that he fears his son will be gone if he don't write by this night's post."

Mr. Tighe interrupted the cockney in a suffocating rage, saying, "When I hired you, it was conditionally that you attended to my rules: one was, never to come into my room uncalled; another, never to ask me for a frank but at office hours and at Foster-place; another, never to admit any one after dinner was served, for none ever came at such time but a thief or a dun. Well, you break into my room, disturb my friends, interrupt me in my discourse, present me with a frank, and for a tailor! Now give me that paper, and pen and ink." He took the frank, wrote over it a scrawl crooked and unintelligible, then handed to him, saying, "There is a frank; you are free to go, and take the tailor with you, to the West Indies, if you like."

The poor cockney withdrew, quite cast down; a dead silence ensued. Mr. Tighe was enraged beyond all apparent chance of recovery; but Phil Adams, who knew his temper, played an ingenious device on him, and brought him round.

Adams whispered to me to acquiesce silently with whatever he should advance, and he would soon bring him round.

Mr. Tighe noticed Adams whispering, and said to him, "Adams, you know I detest whispering."

"I know, Sir, but this gentleman does not; and he was observing how well you acted this last scene. He thinks it was concerted, and that the cockney is a gentleman dressed for the part, and that the whole has been acted to surprise us."

Mr. Tighe, aware that such a plan was practicable, took a fit of laughter that lasted some minutes; then Adams joined at my being so easily gulled, and a good humour then prevailed.

I observed, if it was not acting it was a capital scene to copy, and the poor victim, I hoped, would not be offered on the altar of his own building, particularly when he had so innocently deceived us and made us so happy."

Mr. Tighe said to me,—“You have made his peace: you are entitled to a part in the farce; so you shall tell him he may stay, but turn out the tailor.”

On my return into the room, I found the whole party laughing most heartily, even Colonel Mansergh St. George, who had been very silent during the evening. He was forced to join, and addressed me on the occasion:—

“And did you really think that scene had been concerted?”

I shook my head, shrugged my shoulders, and looked assent, but did not reply. He took it for granted that I had.

He then said, “You must come and see my drawings and my dramatic effusions. Mr. Tighe is to dine with me on Thursday, and I will be glad of your company; we shall have some talk about business. I think you might spend a couple of months with me in the country, where I am fitting up a private theatre. As you paint, and have a dramatic turn, it may not be uninteresting to you, and I will endeavour to make it profitable in your professional department.”

I thanked him, and promised to accompany Mr. Tighe, made my bow, and got away.

DINNER AT COLONEL MANSERGH ST. GEORGE'S,

AND A FURTHER MEMOIR OF THIS UNFORTUNATE
GENTLEMAN.

ON the day appointed I attended Mr. Tighe to dine with Colonel St. George, at the Club House, Kildare Street. We found the colonel sitting in the corner of a large room, at a small table, with a feeble light, drawing. He was composing a scene, the subject a forlorn traveller on a wild heath, a lion prowling at a distance. The light was barely sufficient to enable me to discover the design; so I begged permission to light a large candle. He assented, remarking that, in melancholy or horrific subjects, he was assisted by a sparing light, but in lively or spirited scenes he preferred a full and clear one. He then proceeded to show me some volumes (folio), elegantly bound, of his compositions, many caricatures with point and humour, all drawn with great spirit. I praised them as I thought they deserved, and he seemed well pleased, and said, "I dare say you are ready for your dinner; we'll try if they have it ready for you." So he ordered the waiter to serve up din-

ner. We had an elegant display, and fared sumptuously. The poor colonel ate but little; but Mr. Tighe and I, his coadjutor, made ample amends for his deficiency. As to wine, Mr. Tighe drank so freely that the colonel, who had merely put the glass to his lips, had to warn his friend against too much indulgence in that point. Then the colonel asked me if I could or would give my assistance to him at his country residence to get up some dramatic performances, at a theatre he had fitted up, where scenery and fancy figures being required to be painted, he could furnish me with designs.

I agreed to attend him, and a handsome remuneration was proposed, and I was to be ready at his call. He entertained us with some of the subjects, which were all romantic. He said he had drilled the children and some of the larger growth of the peasantry,—had them educated, and meant to dress them as sylphs, and other fancy figures to enrich his exhibition. We were greatly amused by his opening his store-house of elegant matter to us, and at ten o'clock took our leave. I attended Mr. Tighe home; but on our way an accident occurred which alarmed me to a great degree. Mr. Tighe had been leaning on my arm, and congratulating me on my projected visit to the colonel, when, suddenly withdrawing his arm from mine, I perceived him falling, I laid hold

of him, and was by his weight brought with him to the ground. This happened at St. Stephen's Green, near Hume Street. A chair-stand was near, so I called a chair. The men raised him, placed him in the chair; but he was quite insensible. I then desired they would leave their chair and take him under the arm-pits, and bear him along, his house being in Leeson Street, no great distance. When arrived, I had him placed *in* an arm-chair; but he was still insensible, to all appearance. I despatched one of the chairmen for surgeon Richards, who lived at Stephen's Green, very near. Richards soon appeared and rebuked me rudely for not loosening his neckcloth. I excused myself by saying I was ignorant of the necessity of doing so. He bled him in the temporal artery; and, after some heavy and oppressed sighs, and heaving of the breast, he opened his eyes wide, stared around, and asked what was the matter, and why these people were present? I despatched the chairmen; and Richards said,—

“ You have not been well, sir.”

“ Perhaps not; but I am unconscious of being ill.”

“ Be so good, sir, to prepare against twelve o'clock to-morrow: I wish to perform an operation.”

“ I am prepared: if necessary, you may operate now.”

"I should prefer to-morrow at twelve. Then it is you have to prepare; I am ready."

I took leave, and walked with Richards to his house.

He remarked he never met a man of so much nerve: nothing could make him fear or shrink.

I asked what fit it was that he had.

He said it was apoplectic, excited by his over feeding and wine that day, when he required to have been abstemious.

Next day he underwent the operation, and in a week was quite recovered, so as to require my presence at dinner. I attended, and found him lecturing a young gentleman that had just delivered an introductory letter to him from Lord Roden. This young man had been in the navy, and could hardly be kept free from motion. He was of a restless spirit, which called for all Mr. Tighe's rules to keep him in order. The first was to return from the drawing-room to leave his hat in the hall; then, when he returned, he fumbled with the lock or handle of the door. "*Push or pull, don't fumble:*" then, "Pray, sir, don't sit near the door, come forward." Then the lad began the devil's tattoo. "Pray, don't, sir—sit quiet." He soon began to *hum* a tune. "I beg you won't hum: sing if you are called on, and then open your mouth and your teeth."

I then began to speak about Mr. Tighe's quick recovery. He said, "Yes, Richards is clever. I owe you much, sir, for your care and kind inquiries." The lad, during this converse of our's, had been walking up and down the room. "Pray, don't walk the deck, sir, except on board ship." He sat down, but soon began to whistle in an under key. "Above all things, sir, don't whistle."

The servant by this time announced dinner. There we found the usual guests the same as we had on the first day I had dined with him.

As dinner went on Mr. Tighe addressed the young sailor.

"Do you like your dinner?"

"Oh yes, sir; we don't get such on board ship."

"You can't expect it; you like veal cutlets?"

"Yes."

"That's a dish you never get there."

"No, no; nor beef-steaks; nor even mutton chops. I never saw a beef-steak but once, when the captain came on board."

"Oh, you were in port, then?"

"Yes."

"Ay, three of the greatest luxuries of the table. You can't expect such at sea."

When dinner was over, and the lady had retired, the young man took up the poker and began stir-

ring the fire. "*Rake or raise,*" said Mr. Tighe, "don't poke." We then requested he would give us some anecdotes of Garrick, and he related several; then called on Adams to give a personification of him with the Cockney footman—the scene that had occurred on the last evening we had dined with him. Adams asked me to personate the Cockney, and I consented. We got through the task, and made the party laugh heartily; none more than Mr. Tighe and the sailor. Colonel St. George was an exception; he looked gloomy, and soon left the room, when Mr. Clinch spoke privately to me and to Adams to get away; that the colonel was under a fit of insanity, to which he was periodically subject; that he had felt so indignant at our presumption in turning into ridicule his friend Tighe: he had, therefore, gone for his sabre to cut us down. He was dressed in uniform, and had left his sabre in the street parlour. Clinch advised us to get away, which we lost no time in doing. We got out at the rear of the house, and I had a lesson of caution to relinquish my engagement with the colonel. Adams said he would not take a thousand guineas to undertake such a dangerous task. The poor colonel was periodically subject to these aberrations of mind, from a fracture in his skull received in an action when he served in America. I saw Clinch

on the next day, and he told me the colonel returned to his chair with his sabre, but made no inquiry for us, but was quite consistent and pacific for the rest of the evening. Clinch observed how fortunate it was his making him confidant to his intention, and how glad I should be at my having this precautionary warning against the horrors that might have attended my engagement in the country. Of course, I should think no more of it.

I made my best acknowledgments to Clinch for his prompt interference, which I had no doubt had been the means of saving my life. Soon after this occurrence the colonel went to visit his agent in the County of Cork, Mr. Uniacke. It was a short time before the rebellion. His tenants were assembled in numbers with applications for renewals of leases, and other matters respecting their farms. He still was under the influence of insanity, and, excited by the accounts he had received of the peasantry taking arms, he harangued them, and told them, if they did not return the arms that they had forcibly possessed themselves of, and if they refused to take the oath of allegiance, that the trees in the next wood were insufficient for the numbers that should be hanged. The party retired, but returned that night, and, sad to relate, murdered him and Mr. Uniacke!

Mrs. Uniacke had thrown herself on the bodies to try to save them, but she was lifted up and carried outside to a party, who kept her until the horrible act had been fully perpetrated. That dreadful occurrence might have been averted had the friends of Colonel St. George placed him in the hands of persons capable of performing the task of safe keeping during the continuance of the fit of insanity ; but it is a common case to try to keep persons in rational society until frequent excitement produces fatal consequences, as often by the patient's own hands as by others. It is false lenity directs this practice ; in the reverse lies true Christian charity.

THE POET.

IN reading over the lives of men distinguished in arts, arms, literature, &c., we feel great pleasure in a memoir where we can trace, during the progressive course from childhood to maturity, that development of talent which so strongly indicates future excellence. Reflecting on this subject, I have been induced to submit an account of a poet, one of the greatest his country has ever produced. If to have known him from his birth, and to have witnessed those early effusions of genius which surprised and delighted his friends, may qualify me for the task, why, then, I think, I may attempt it without incurring the imputation of vanity. I had the pleasure of knowing his parents from the time of their marriage; so that I had frequent opportunities of seeing my young friend after his probationary state of infancy, when introduced to visitors. At three years old he was an entertaining little fellow, with his childish prattle, which he commenced with in clambering up my knee. When seated there, we began to converse. I have often been astonished at his

intellectual discourse ; but at five years his mind expanded to a degree unparalleled by any child that ever came under my observation. So matured was he at that period, he threw aside all child's play, toys, &c. and clinging to me with earnest entreaty to recite passages from Shakspeare, which sometimes I indulged in, and which he attended to with all the patient endurance of a sage, and entered so fully into the subject, that I was induced, at his own request, to give him instructions in some speech for his recital. He chose Hamlet's soliloquy on his mother's marriage : he soon got perfect in the words, and with such tuition only as I was capable of giving. He spoke that beautiful and difficult speech before a large party of friends at my house : the astonishment and pleasure enjoyed by the whole party were fully evinced by the most unqualified approbation. He was then under six years of age ; and such discrimination, taste, and ability, as he exhibited would have done credit to any young man. Had his parents, like Master Betty's, been induced to lead him on to that pursuit, we should not have pronounced that young Roscius such a wonder, for he was more than double the age of Master Moore at his *debut*.

I next recognised him at the celebrated English school, under Mr. Samuel Whyte, from whom

the late R. B. Sheridan had received his lessons of elocution. Under Mr. Whyte's tuition my little friend became a perfect prodigy: he bore off all the premiums at examinations, and was caressed by the auditors, amongst whom were persons of the first note. When Moore arrived at his twelfth year, he was a finished speaker. At that period I had a private performance—*Henry the Fourth*—at my house, to which I invited all my friends. Young Moore performed Prince John of Lancaster in a manner so easy and natural, we could have wished the part longer, to have enjoyed more of his interesting performance. After the play, he spoke the poem of the Old Man and his Ass with great point and humour; so that he shone conspicuously, and gave further proof that the stage would have been graced by his personal exertions, had he turned his thoughts to that profession. His genius, however, led him to poetry, and he commenced writing his *little* songs. I had the good fortune to witness the first efforts of his pen, and often saw those young ladies, his models, who presented that variety of character which he painted with such truth of nature in those matchless ballads. Every one was a faithful portrait. There was a young gentleman, *Wesley Doyle*, that frequented Mrs. Moore's evening parties at that period. He had a sweet voice, fine taste for

singing and accompaniments, having been cultivated in music by his father, Dr. Doyle, a celebrated musical professor. This young Doyle sang our poet's labours in succession, as delivered from the muse in his peculiarly sweet manner. It was truly a delectable treat to witness the united efforts of those highly-talented young aspirants; no such entertainment could be had, even in the highest circles.

Our young hero's next display was in Trinity College, Dublin, where he entered a pensioner. The Historical Debating Society was then in full health and vigour. Young Moore, in his first speech, made an impression on the auditors that engaged their attention, and struck deeper at every successive debate. He invited me to his rooms, in College, to hear him and his fellow-students at rehearsal; their compositions were exceedingly clever, but my friend had the best, and his delivery was easy and natural, much superior to any that competed with him—no *titum ti*: his speeches had all the effect of extemporary effusions.

Near the period of 1798, Trinity College was disturbed in its internal management by the insidious arts of spies and informers, who never stopped at any charge that promised reward; lies and calumny were more current than truth.

They reported that several students had been sworn United Irishmen. To ascertain the credit that was to be given to this vile information, Lord Chancellor Clare held a scrutiny at the College, and examined the students himself, as patron or guardian. In the course of this inquiry young Moore was questioned: his answer was so prompt and ingenuous, that Lord Clare was satisfied he was clear of imputation; but there was strong reason to believe some of his fellow students were guilty, and he desired to know from him what he knew of them as regarded the accusation against them. Moore hesitated to give an answer to that peremptory demand of his lordship, upon which Lord Clare repeated the question: then our young friend made such an appeal as caused his lordship to relax, rigid and austere as he was. The words I cannot exactly remember; the substance was as follows:—that he entered college to receive the education of a scholar and a gentleman; that he knew not how to compromise these characters by blowing upon his college companions; that he had not a single associate that, so far as he knew, that he could not acquit; and as he felt that his own speeches in the debating society had been ill construed, when the worst that could be said of them was, if truth had been spoken, that they were patriotic; that he

had always been taught to believe patriotism a virtue, not a crime ; then how could he venture to speak of the character of another, when he could not defend his own from the tongue of calumny ; that he was aware of the high-minded nobleman he had the honour of appealing to, and if his lordship could for a moment condescend to step from his high station and place himself in his situation, then say how he would act under such circumstances, it should be his guidance. Lord Clare passed him and proceeded with the inquiry : some were expelled, and, sad to say, the debating society has been put down. Thus that monster, rebellion, has destroyed the finest school of oratory that was known in Europe, where some of the brightest ornaments in eloquence were matured and polished ; the effect has been felt by parliament, the bar, the pulpit, and the stage ; for such a dearth of talent have we to deplore as was never felt since the origin of that society until its suppression. It is to be hoped some liberal-minded man, of influential power, setting the value on education that it merits, will restore that establishment to its original use, and let us have the cultivation of our living language as well as those dead languages that require so much study, pains, penalties, and wealth, in the attainment. His *Anacreon*, though written at an early age,

was not published until he went to London ; the admiration and approval it met with at the high bar of criticism are so well known and felt as to render any panegyric from me frivolous.

Having now traced our friend from infancy to riper years, I leave him to the enjoyment of that fame which he has so deservedly acquired. I cannot, however, close this memoir without offering him my most grateful return for all the pleasure afforded me by his fascinating powers ; but not to these alone am I indebted to him,—to his patronage in my professional life, both as a portrait-painter and actor : his influential power was considerable with persons of the highest fashion, and he exerted that power for me with the zeal of an ardent friend ; nay, he voluntarily wrote an article in one of the Dublin periodicals, defending my going on the stage, and eulogising my performance. Until the present opportunity, I had no public way of making my acknowledgment ; and I could not get forward with my view of Irish times, characters, &c. if I had not selected, at an early part of my work, those nearest my heart. I am therefore proud to have it in my power to select Anacreon Moore as one of my country's brightest ornaments ;—a splendid poet, a virtuous patriot, a sincere and indefatigable patron and friend.

many excellent painters have been made under the creditable protection of the Dublin Society. The names of those I recollect, during my time, I shall set down, apologising to such as have escaped my memory, lest they should think me unmindful or negligent, wilfully. In figure—Barry, Tresham, Peters, Hamilton, Shee, Cregan, R. L. West, Foster, Danby, Rothwell, Cuming; in miniature, chalk, and crayons—F. R. West, Haly, Sullivan, Collins, Madden, Pope, Stokers, Comerford, Cullen, Murphy, Byrne, Dunne, S. Lover; in landscape and figure, including drawing masters—Barrett, Carver, Butts, the two Roberts, Ashford, Fisher, O'Connor, Ellis, the three Mulvanys, four Brocass, Tracy, Doyle, Moreau; in architecture—Ivory, Sproule, A. Baker, Semple, Berrell, Taylor, Morrison, Byrne, young Baker. There has been a fourth school added to the academy for sculpture and modeling, where Behnes studied; two promising young students, Panormo and Galaher, have also made great progress in this school. Mr. Smith *master*.

Many of the above names are well known in England, as the artists have generally settled in London for want of patronage in their own country. The Dublin Society performed their duty, and made them painters; but it was never meditated by any public body to construct a plan,

ren spot that did not feel the influential power of such stimuli. To dilate upon the many great advantages derived in the several departments that came under their protecting care, would require more knowledge and ability than I can command ; therefore, I give this sketch merely to show that Ireland, when supported by her lawful protectors, became prosperous and happy. The linen manufacture arrived to great perfection. That article commanded a preference to any linen in Europe, and enriched the North of Ireland, the quarter where it was got up from the seed : that lucrative trade has for some years undergone a gradual decline. To what can that change be ascribed ? Not to the indolence or want of spirit in the proprietors ; not to the Dublin Society relaxing in their efforts, though their nerves are unstrung by curtailing their annual grants ; but I am digressing from my promised subject,—the Academy established in Dublin for the cultivation of the fine arts ; I shall therefore confine myself closely to the point, and describe its original plan, and the consequent good effects of so noble an undertaking. It consisted of three schools, with a master appointed to each, for the instruction of pupils in drawing, *free of expense*.

One for the human figure, one for *landscape and ornament*, and one for architecture ; and

many excellent painters have been made under the creditable protection of the Dublin Society. The names of those I recollect, during my time, I shall set down, apologising to such as have escaped my memory, lest they should think me unmindful or negligent, wilfully. In figure—Barry, Tresham, Peters, Hamilton, Shee, Cregan, R. L. West, Foster, Danby, Rothwell, Cumming; in miniature, chalk, and crayons—F. R. West, Haly, Sullivan, Collins, Madden, Pope, Stokers, Comerford, Cullen, Murphy, Byrne, Dunne, S. Lover; in landscape and figure, including drawing masters—Barrett, Carver, Butts, the two Roberts, Ashford, Fisher, O'Connor, Ellis, the three Mulvanys, four Brocass, Tracy, Doyle, Moreau; in architecture—Ivory, Sproule, A. Baker, Semple, Berrell, Taylor, Morrison, Byrne, young Baker. There has been a fourth school added to the academy for sculpture and modeling, where Behnes studied; two promising young students, Panormo and Galaher, have also made great progress in this school. Mr. Smith *master*.

Many of the above names are well known in England, as the artists have generally settled in London for want of patronage in their own country. The Dublin Society performed their duty, and made them painters; but it was never meditated by any public body to construct a plan,

or mart, for the sale of works of art by native artists, nor did it ever enter into the contemplation of the great to furnish their houses with such productions, however meritorious, as such they have been since considered in England. Had they done so, fashion, no doubt, would have generalized the practice, for there is no country where fashion is more a law than in Ireland. I now come to the inner part of the academy and the masters, in which I must beg permission to share in the account as I have been concerned.

When I was sixteen years old, I obtained three tickets from a member of the Dublin Society, to admit me as a pupil to be instructed in drawing; this was the usual mode of introduction. I first went to the Architectural School. Mr. Ivory was master, a gentle urbane character, but he appeared in a delicate state of health; he consigned me to his apprentice, Mr. H. A. Baker; he became at Ivory's demise the master, and has remained in that station to the present time. Mr. Baker looked rather sternly at me, at least I thought so at that time, and said, "Ho! I must get you into geometry."

I did not know what geometry really was, but I thought it was to get into trouble; however, he, seeing my plight, assumed a cheerful look, which was his natural look, and said, "Come, I'll show

you what geometry is." He then put me to draw, and showed me the manner of using the instruments; we have been ever since that time good friends, and I hope will continue so.

I next went to the Landscape and Ornament School, Mr. Waldron the master. His appearance was not flattering, nor did his severe look and habitual frown encourage me to stay long at his beck; for he seldom spoke, which was, I thought, a fortunate thing for me, his manner was so truly cheerless. I remained at his school about a month, and then I repaired to the Figure School, for I could not spare time, from my business, for more than two schools. When I entered the figure room I was struck with the number of casts from the Antique, the Hercules, Lyacoon, &c., and felt a wish and hoped to be able to draw from those; in some time I delivered my card to the master, Mr. Francis Robert West, a worthy, good-hearted man, but of peculiar manner. If I was near my reader I could describe him, but with the pen it will be difficult; however, I must try, for until my reader gets acquainted with him, my work will never be half done to my wishes.

In person he was a smart, little, dapper man, very voluble in speech and rapid in delivery, used much action—even his features underwent many changes—opening his eyes wide—raising his eye-

brows considerably and extending his mouth ; his language good, yet he was subject to digression and habitual conclusive words, such as " yes, yes"—" doubtless, no doubt"—and other pet phrases, which seemed to carry decision in all his harangues. Add to these a peculiar quaintness of manner, an averted eye, and a simplicity of look rendered him quite a character. I presented my card ; he just looked 'at it, then glanced at me, and with head averted, said, " So, you are come to draw the human figure."

I answered, " Yes, Sir ;" though not sure he had addressed me, his head being turned from me.

" What business have you been at ?"

" The Ironmongery."

" Ha ! then I suppose you have been at hammer and tongues."

" Yes."

" Yes ; oh ! you'll find the pencil not so hard as the hammer, but more difficult. Doubtless, no doubt, you have been drawing, too ?"

" I have made some attempts." I then laid before him some of my valuable scrawls.

" Ha ! I see you have been at Magazine prints, and have traced them at the window."

I agreed to the charge.

" Yes, yes. Oh ! you must not practice that here : if you do, the boys will call you Tracy.

We have a boy here who goes by no other name. You know the penalty now, so avoid it if you can."

"I thanked him for his caution, and promised strict observance." I then directed his attention to the back of the card, on which was written, by the gentleman who gave it me, an order to be furnished with drawing materials, and he would pay for them.

During his reading he was assailed by a number of boys with their sketches for his opinion; he despatched them quickly, with—to one, the nose more in, the chin more out; to another, your head is too large—yours has not got the turn—you must place your figure in the centre—dash it out, and begin again! Your mouth is too much open and your eyes shut—you must shut your mouth and open your eyes; having, in routine, given directions, he finished the reading of the card. Another boy, with a finished drawing, *as he thought*, submitted his production, "Oh! you have no character—you must labour until you get it—compare it and amend—es, es!"

His yes, yes, was like sounding the letter s twice, the first a long s, the second a small one. Then leaving his desk, he walked to the folding doors which opened to the figure-room,

and calling John, he returned in quick pace to his post,—“He’ll be here presently.”

John entered, apparently just waked from sleep, his eyes either closed or staring wild, his gate irregular, his arms and hands as if on wires, the wrists raised and hands hanging, his face distorted. When he spoke, a silly grimace was the expression; in fine, he appeared quite a simpleton. “What do you want, Francis?” said he.

Mr. West handed the card to him: “Get materials for this lad.”

John stared at me and hesitated.

Mr. West pettishly asked, “What do you glare your eyes for—go, get the paper and chalk—you’ll be paid, look at the back of the card.”

“The back of the card,” said John, grinning; then, having read, he turned to me, saying, “Oh! I’ll give you all you want; you see I’m not afraid to trust you, though you are a stranger, for Mr. Lyster’s to pay me.” So away John went to the figure-room, where he kept his stock, to provide for me.

Then Mr. West observed, that the boys get indebted to him, and are slow in the payment, so it makes him cautious.

“Who is he, Sir?” said I.

“My brother,” answered Mr. West: “he

furnishes the pupils with the best paper and chalks."

"Does he draw, Sir?"

"No; my father tried every method to induce or make him draw—rewards and punishments, but all in vain; the only study he could be got to submit to was learning, and that was by compulsion, for he was kept from his meals until his task was heard, and he was seldom imperfect; then, as an encouragement to read more, he got more food, so he may be said to have swallowed Latin, Greek, French, and Italian,—for though he understands and can speak the two latter, he has not been able to compose or apply them to any good purpose."

"Pray, Sir, do you think he speaks English well?"

"Why, no, I think not; but that is owing to an imperfect utterance and want of knowledge in using his voice. You'll not detect him in bad grammar, though—he understands the principles."

John returned with the materials, and Mr. West sketched a profile of a head, before me, to show me how to begin; he did it very expertly, and with great freedom of hand; he then desired John to place me at a desk with Master Shee.

So John led me to the desk, and I was most happily placed, for Master Shee, though some

years my junior, was capable and willing to assist me, and from that day to the present I have had the happiness of enjoying his friendly acquaintance. We also drew together at the architectural school, and I was induced to put up a sheet of geometry for the medal, but it was adjudged to Master Shee, as was every medal he looked for in any of the schools. I never tried again, for I had no time at my command, *at home*, to practise, so that I had no chance at competition with those who laboured incessantly; yet, though I had no share in the prize medals, I did not envy those that gained them, and particularly my fellow-student. Indeed, he gave me no cause to be envious or jealous, for he gave me that for which silver or gold could not purchase an equivalent, his friendship.

I have now to acquaint my reader, that Master Shee, who began his studies at the Dublin Society's Academy, is now Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, London. This article, I trust, will be considered worthy of note, ay,—and a note of admiration, a note I love to dwell on: yet I feel inadequate to express my delight, when I heard an account of his election, particularly when I found he had been promoted to the President's chair by the free and unbiassed votes of his fellow academicians, and honoured by his Majesty with a title. I con-

sider him now, with all his acquirements, arrived at the goal;—an artist at the top of his profession, a poet, and general writer acknowledged, and distinguished, also, for his taste in music and his ability as a public speaker. Also, let us now view him as a husband, parent, relative, and friend; he may have, and no doubt has, his equals, but I am at a loss to know where to point out his superiors. May his health continue long, to enjoy those proud honours that surround him, for the longer he sustains the high station he has arrived at, the more worthy he will be found! I rejoice in his being an Irishman, and I consider him an honour to his country.

I now return to my sketch of the head, which I brought up to Mr. West for his approval, when an interruption of an extraordinary kind took place, an explosion which shook the academy to the very foundation. The master, terrified, sprung from his seat, threw up his hands, and thrust his little fingers into his ears, working them as if to get rid of the exuberant wax; then pacing with hasty steps the long room up and down, perhaps a dozen times, then returning to his place, exclaimed vehemently, “By the law, that was a volley.”

At that moment John appeared to comfort him. “Well, Frank, did you hear de firing?”

"Hear it I did, and felt it too; my ears were stunned to an alarming degree; it is an awful visitation to be deprived of any of the senses suddenly and by a shock, there is danger of the hearing not returning."

"I tink," says John, "dey fired de four-and-twenty guns at de battery all at once."

"Doubtless, no doubt, it was a volley of cannon, and a tremendous volley it was."

"Why, Frank, it shook all de casts in de figure-room; de Apollo was reeling, Hercules was de only one dat stood firm. I tought Ajaxe would have tumbled on my shoulders."

"Ha!" said Frank, "if it had, you should not have found two heads better than one."

"By dad, I was lucky," said John; "I believe dey are rejoicing to-day for some memorable event."

"Why, don't you know, John, there is to be a volunteer review at the Phoenix Park."

"Oh! den, my Lord Charleymount will be at dere head."

"Ees, es, and Mr. Grattan, too: they are great patriots, and of course great volunteer commanders."

"Why," says John, "dey say Mr. Grattan has taken a gift of £50,000 from the government, —dat can't be for his patriotism, can it?"

"Oh, certainly not! but he did not entirely

abandon his principle : he consented to a simple repeal of Poining's laws, rather than be outvoted on an entire repeal. Now, Mr. Flood contended for an entire repeal, which doubtless, no doubt, would have been complete."

John—" O, ay! I know dey had high words about it."

Frank—" Ees, es; high words, indeed; they were enraged, and you see that even great talents and education are unavailing in such a case; if the vulgar are blameable for Billingsgate language, how much more so are such high persons, who should know better?"

Joh—" Dat's true, Frank, bad language is the worst substitute for reasoning or good argument, and dey were both personel."

" Ees, es; why, Mr. Flood called him a mendicant patriot, bargaining or bartering his country for £50,000, and selling it for prompt payment; then Grattan accused Flood of hovering about the Castle like an ill-omened bird of prey, with cadaverous aspect and broken beak; 'you fled,' said he, 'from the sugar-bill, from every good bill, and I tell you to your beard you are not an honest man.'"

John—" 'An ill-omened bird of prey!' Ah! dat was from de defect in his nose, which had been

broken ; dere must have been great confusion in de house."

Frank—" Ees, es ; the Speaker called them to order, which they not attending to, he had them taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms, and they were bound over to keep the peace."

John—" Why, dat was an act of parliament without putting de question."

Frank—" Doubtless, no doubt ; I wish the act was permanent against duelling, for we find it practised by men who affect to be christians ; they'll keep the sabbath, disseminate bibles and tracts, attend divine worship ; yet they will go in cold blood, and perhaps kill their fellow man, or be killed themselves ; flying in the face of their Redeemer, who bore patiently the most degrading insults, all of which he forgave. I don't know how they'll settle their accounts at the last day ! Ah, it's a deplorable depravity ! Ees, we should forgive each other, for we may require forgiveness ourselves."

John—" Why, Frank, you should frame a bill, and the Speaker being a peace-maker, might get you a seat in de house ; you could speak strongly in its favour, and may be it might pass."

Frank—" Ees, es, John, I could adduce many melancholy instances to prove that brains are su-

perior to lead in adjusting a quarrel, or maintaining an argument, or deciding an angry question. Frederick of Prussia and Marshal Saxe were as brave men as history records, and they were both inimical to duelling. Frederick put the survivor to death. Ah! it is a diabolical practice, doubtless, beyond doubt."

John—"Well, Mr. Grattan has escaped shot free dis time, do he has been paid de shot by government; he could now encourage de fine arts; £50,000 is a great sum?"

Frank—"Oh, he don't care for the fine arts!"

John—"Oh, den he can't be called a great man!"

Frank—"Certainly not; yet I have known men called great that could not distinguish a Raphael from a sign-post. Ees, es, I never could subscribe to their greatness."

John—"If we look back to former days—"

Frank—"Ees, es, great potentates; Popes and others, James the First, Leo the Tenth! What noble patrons, and how their memories are revered to this day. Oh, the arts have undergone a regular decline since their time; yet I am told the arts are rising in England under the present King. I wish we had a share of the encouragement in Ireland; indeed, our school, such as it is, is on a more liberal plan than any in

London, for a student won't be admitted into the Royal Academy until he can draw well. Now, here we admit boys that never drew a line; it's truly paradoxical to expect a pupil to do that which he comes to be taught. If we were to have been the first promoters of such a plan, the English might call us Irish blunderers; and doubtless, no doubt, they would have a more just reason than they have frequently in their denunciations. Ees, es."

John—"But my Lord Charleymount, he is fond of de arts."

Frank—"Ees, es, he has a fine collection of the old masters, and one of Hogarth's, the 'Lady's Last Stake,' not engraved; oh! he's truly a great man, a credit to the country, and very properly at the head of this patriotic army, the volunteers."

John—"Ha, dere's anoder volley!"

Frank—"There must be great smoke where there's so much firing; that must subject them to accidents, for they may be covered with the smoke and hid from each other, so that a sham fight might become a real one. They are not all so well drilled, and many of the awkward squad, fat and unwieldy butter and bacon men, who seem to have fed largely on their own commodities, ill-made for light infantry, or running in a skirmish; they can't be selected like soldiers; spirit is

their passport, and that they possess to an eminent degree; they have already procured us a free trade,—Mr. Grattan deserves great praise for that achievement, it was managed by him. Well, we'll see them all returning at three o'clock, tired enough, I dare say."

John—"It is near three, you may put by the drawings, and let the boys out; those who wish to get home may avoid the crowd. I hope we shall have no accidents."

"Boys, you may go; ay, get home as fast as you can, and don't be induced to linger, for there will be a dreadful crush in the streets. I'll get into a shop, and try if I can get a peep at them. We have spent an idle day without being at the review, es, es. Call Jemmy, and bid him take care of the portfolios; in going home you should go with him, John, he may require assistance."

Thus ended the first day of my drawing at the figure school, and never had I so much entertainment before. I therefore longed for the next attending day, and was early at my post.

THE FRANCHISES.

AN ancient custom of the tradesmen and manufacturers walking in procession through all the principal streets prevailed in Dublin since my first recollection—sixty years, at least. It occurred on the first of August every third year. The working men of each trade or manufacture walked; the masters and wardens of each corporation, full dressed, and decorated with the orders of their respective guilds, rode on horseback, the horses richly caparisoned. There were twenty-four corporations, a master and two wardens to each. A fancy car and platform, for working, preceded every trade. In the cars were emblematical living figures, dressed in character, as illustrative of each calling. For example, the smiths had Vulcan, Venus, Cupid, and Mars, with a forge on the platform, and the Cyclops making armour for Mars; the shoemakers had Crispin and Crispianus; the tailors, Adam and Eve; and so on.

The cars were made from designs of the best artists from ancient Roman models, and the platforms contrived with excellent taste and skill. The figures chosen were well adapted, and performed their characters astonishingly; where a naked figure was wanting, a silk web dress was made for the person: so that modesty could not be put to the blush. Thus we beheld personified our first parents. The weavers worked at their looms, and specimens done at the moment were forwarded to the ladies who graced the windows. Sawyers sawing veneers of cedar, and all the different occupations, distributed their works, which generally were rewarded with handsome presents of money.

The tradesmen that walked were picked men, well to look at, and smartly dressed in the costume of their respective trades. These were about fifty to every corporation; so that the whole cavalcade, with bands of music, attendants, &c. formed an interesting spectacle. The greatest order prevailed, and no person in liquor was to be seen amongst the group: persons of the highest rank were at their windows viewing with pleasure this creditable procession. Then the middle rank were posted in windows of friends, and hired places: when their friends' windows were filled, great sums were obtained on the occasion. The

multitudes in the streets were never so well conducted as at those exhibitions: so that every one seemed to enter into the subject warmly, and to be in full enjoyment of the sight; and there could not have been found a more rational source of enjoyment. Emulation was kept alive amongst the trades; for the most expert workman was elected as representative, and instead of wasting his money on drink, as is too common a practice, he saved it to make a respectable figure in public, not only at the cavalcade, but at all times: for it was not uncommon to notice a well-dressed tradesman in the streets as a person who had been admired in the franchises. I saw this triennial procession, I suppose, six times during my early life, and I deplored the loss of it, since its discontinuance, as by some of the wiseacre policy, or misrule, by which Ireland has been uniformly tormented, this laudable custom was suppressed. I never could learn, even, what *excuse* was given for stopping it; neither accidents, nor tumults, nor any of those political squabbles could be adduced against its continuance. The civil power was very feebly administered at that period: it was inefficient. On other occasions riots and assaults were commonly known and permitted to pass with impunity, from the imbecility of the guardians of the peace; but at the franchises I don't remem-

ber a single case of the kind occurring, but the most perfect order and propriety strictly observed, not only by the actors in the scene, but by the lookers-on.

Thus has Dublin been deprived of one of the most rational and useful institutions that ever was devised for the encouragement and solace of the working classes; and I would ask any thinking man, is there any class of men in the community more entitled to consideration from the great than those who, by their labours, contribute so largely to the general comforts of mankind? The rich can indulge in their pleasures and luxuries without asking leave of any power; then why should those who cannot individually afford these indulgences be deprived of their prescriptive right, sanctioned by the practice of a series of years, and found to be highly beneficial to the happiness and welfare of so useful and respectable a body? It was truly a pitiable case to witness the change in the appearance and moral conduct of those poor fellows after the prohibition. The decent dressed man, and the former laborious and creditable character, having in vain deplored his loss, became reckless, and in search of some amusement to sweeten his labours, resorted to the public-house: here was a sinking fund; he soon fell into the degraded state that, for many years back, has

marked the majority of the working classes. And what is worse, the better the workman the more is he dissipated : a man who can earn £3 a week, as many can, will perhaps idle half the week, spending on cursed poison his half-earnings, which, if he had remained as formerly, would support his family, that often want bread.

I have said more on this subject than I intended, but I could not refrain, when I recollect the comparative appearance of the tradesman in former days to the present. I have described what he was then : now he beggars description—squalid and wretched, his constitutional vigour exhausted, and his person exhibiting a ragged remnant of degraded character. I could yet dwell on this theme and amplify, but am spared the irksome task by the formation of the trades' union, which has evidently been promulgated by the repeated privations long endured by that class of useful men ; and though the subject I have touched upon has been not a vital one, it has been one of the many of which they have to complain. Whatever inconvenience may be felt by the great from their workings, has been caused by the contempt with which the working classes have been treated ; they are now in a way to cure the evil. Provided they keep within the bounds of their legal rights, avoid combination, and all destructive practices,

with propriety and firmness, they will establish their point, in despite of that hitherto controlling power, which, having been overstrained, will become unavailable against the just complaints of the people, in asserting their prescriptive rights.

THE PINKING DINDIES.

It is now upwards of fifty years since Dublin was infested by an organised body of dissolute characters, composed of persons ;—some were sons of respectable parents, who permitted them to get up to man's estate in idle habits, without adequate means of support ; others were professional students, who, having tasted the alluring fruits of dissipation, abandoned their studies and took a shorter road to gain supplies, by means no matter how fraudulent. They were of imposing appearance, being handsome and well made in general ; so that, individually, you could not suspect them : it was by their acts only you could convict them, and they commonly pursued their schemes in parties, and by night ; and they were so well prepared for battle that the "ancient and quiet watchmen," the only protectors of the citizens of Dublin at that period, were worsted in almost every attempt made to subdue them ; so that they were permitted to assail passengers in the streets, to levy contributions, or, perhaps, take a lady

from her protector; and *many* females were destroyed by that lawless banditti. Another vile plan they had of providing supplies, by exacting from unfortunate girls, at houses of ill-fame, their share of what they deemed booty; and for this boon each had his wife, as he called her, and, if necessary, would assist her as bully, to awe, or compel, a flat to come down handsomely. Another source of gain they sought at a low gambling-house, in Essex Street; and when unsuccessful, they sallied forth, enraged at their losses, and repaired them, by robbing the first eligible subject they met in the streets.

Dress, at that time, was indispensable. No gentleman was seen without a sword: if in undress, a *couteau de chasse*; if full dressed, a small sword;—and the use of the sword was well understood.

The pinking dindies made a rule to be well-dressed, and, to a man, they were skilful swordsmen.

Their plan of attack was thus:—Two of them, walking arm-in-arm, jostled the victim they meant for prey; then, with their swords in their scabbards, chapeless, so that the point just protruded, they pricked him in various parts, and if he did not throw down his watch and money, two others came and took it by force; whilst two more in

reserve were on the watch to give alarm if any persons approached. In that case they disappeared, and had their hiding-places adjacent, doors open ; so, that if the punctured man was willing to pursue, he knew not where to go, but was glad to get away, bleeding and terrified. It appears incredible that such a practice should be endured for years without any effort to check it effectually, and Dublin had all her nobles, gentry, citizens, mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, peers, and a garrison of soldiers—no small number. The only way I can account for it, is that the Pinks never attacked swordsmen, nor any but single men and citizens, who neither wore fine clothes nor swords ; so that gentlemen never felt the pointed evil, as it did not point at them. The last achievement I recollect of one of these redoubted champions, was a robbery he committed, at eleven o'clock at night, in Fleet Street, on a merchant, who had reached home, but had not knocked at his door. The robber presented a pistol at him, the merchant delivered his watch and money, and the free-booter escaped ; but the merchant recognised him as a person with whom he had been well acquainted, having been at the same school with him. The next morning he had him arrested and committed to prison. He prosecuted him. When brought to trial, counsellor Curran defended, and exer-

cised his wit on the occasion. The merchant swore positively to the man, and gave satisfactory evidence, which Curran, in cross-examination, attempted to invalidate. He drew from him that he had dined with a friend, and had partaken freely of the bottle ; that he was returning home at nine o'clock, when he was induced to enter a tavern, and had supper of nine poached eggs and three or four tumblers of whiskey punch. Then Curran said,—“ Now, sir, you have sworn positively to this man. Pray, how can you, after the confession I have heard from your lips of so many bottles—*two, at least*—of wine ; then, at night, a strata of poached eggs, and three or four tumblers of punch ? Pray, do you not think your judgment might have been a little under the yoke ? ” This set the court in a roar of laughter, but though sport to them, it was death to the delinquent. The jury pronounced him guilty. However, his character had not been so very depraved as many of his fellows ; his manner was always kind and civil, prepossessing ; he was as fine a figure and as handsome a man as could be seen : he had many friends, from his redeeming qualities, and the respectability of his family. It was his first known offence, and the jury recommended him strongly. The judge refused the recommendation. This drew forth a host of influential per-

sons, and the case was sent to the lord-lieutenant. For some time the unfortunate fellow hung in doubt, *but no more*,—there was no execution; nay, such interest was made for him, that he was allowed to transport himself for life. I saw him a few days before he took shipping for America. I had known him, and he stopped to speak to me; he appeared truly ashamed, and with great candour acknowledged his good fortune, so much beyond his hopes or his deserts.

My readers may think me a strange character for acknowledging such a person, but I knew him before his fall, and I owed my life to him once, in a case where I was attacked by ruffians, who use little ceremony when enraged. The prosecution of that pink struck terror through the whole fraternity, for many of them were as liable to punishment, and could easily have been identified: several went to London, and became expert at gaming-tables; two of them were enabled to obtain admission to clubs in St. James's Street, and I have often seen them walking and conversing familiarly with high fashionables. But the party of pinking dindies were never finally extirpated until the police was established. That useful institution, though decried by many, was more salutary, and timely to the city of Dublin, than any plan that has been since devised, coercive or

otherwise; yet so capricious and unthinking are many, they condemn an establishment without proving its inefficacy; and though they suffered by the want of civil protection, and have been since, and are at present, in a state of tranquillity and security, many are insensible of the acquisition they possess in a well-regulated police establishment.

THE LIBERTY AND ORMOND BOYS.

As I have got into a view of subjects so vile and low, that it would, perhaps, never have occurred to any person to record them had they not been so annoying and offensive to the citizens of Dublin, that it was a risk of life to fall in their way when they were prepared for their abominable sacrifices; and, therefore, I having them strongly before me in recollection, could not, in truth, omit giving a hasty sketch of their actions.

A set of fellows of the lowest description, frequenting Ormond Market, assistants and carriers from slaughter-houses, joined by cattle-drivers from Smithfield, stable-boys, helpers, porters, and idle drunken vagabonds in the neighbourhood of Ormond Quay, formed a body of fighting men, armed with falchions, as they called them,—oak-staves of casks hardened by smoking in chimnies, sharpened on one side, and a hole cut in one end to admit a hand to answer for a handle—some preferred shilelahs,—but all armed for combat, were prepared to meet the Liberty Boys, a set of lawless desperadoes, residing in the opposite side

of the town, called the Liberty. Those were of a different breed, being chiefly unfortunate weavers without employment: some were habitual and wilful idlers, slow to labour, but quick at riot and uproar.

No two armies in ancient days could have felt more glowing spirit, inveterate hatred, or obstinate resolution, to die or conquer, than those two parties of brutal combatants; and they could give no reason for their abominable destructive aversion to each other, but that the Ormond should not subdue the Liberty, and *vice versa* with the other party. Unfortunately for the citizens of Dublin, the sabbath-day was fixed upon always for the awful conflict, and until this fight was over no person dare venture into the streets. There were several patches of waste ground near the environs, but at some distance from each other; and it was an inviolable secret on what ground they were to meet until the action had nearly begun. As soon as the discovery was made, notice was given to the chief magistrates, the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, or aldermen, which were nearest the field of battle; then a body of soldiers were, under the direction of one of those civil officers, led to disperse them, and often obliged to fire on them before they could put them to flight, as it was found the best plan, there was so

much trouble and expense in imprisoning and bringing them to trial. This monstrous evil, I well remember, lasted for years, and could not be, or was not put down until the police were established. Then the Liberty and Ormond surrendered their liberties, and Dublin got rid of those plagues, the Pinking Dindies and the Liberty and Ormond Boys.

In the forementioned conflicts many lives were lost, and innumerable fractures and mutilations. An eminent surgeon, Mr. Deare, had so many of those wretched patients, that the practice enabled him to cure fractures of the skull, which might have failed under the usual treatment, he called them Ormond fractures.

THE CUTTING WEAVERS.

ANOTHER party of lawless myrmidons were allowed frequently to commit the greatest enormities, with no further punishment than dispersion by a magistrate and soldiers ; after perhaps an outrageous attack on the passengers in the public streets, who became obnoxious victims to their anger from the dress they wore, and were subjected to their vengeance in the most summary, violent, and brutal assaults.

These delinquents were weavers out of work, and they considered their want of employment proceeded from the fashion of wearing India nan-keens, muslins, &c., and French silks. For the purpose of deterring persons from the wear of these articles of dress, they assembled in numerous bodies, and, with knives made for the occasion, cut every foreign dress worn by man or woman, no matter of what rank, if they were walking, and, in some cases, have stopped carriages, and destroyed ladies' dresses, putting every one to the knife, and in terror and fear of their life ; for they were so infuriate, that description fails in

giving an adequate idea of the horror and alarm many suffered under this wild and savage-like operation. It was a fine field for the doctors: nervous fevers produced to them an abundant harvest. Another mode of revenge taken by those lads of the loom was seizing on some mercer, haberdasher, or tailor, who might have been the vender or maker of those objectionable dresses; and when they got such a well-known character in their possession, they hurried him along, to the utter dismay or hope of escape of him or friends, until they had done with him. After dragging him through miry channels—for this practice was followed in muddy weather generally—they brought him, perhaps to the Weavers' Square, a situation in the Liberties of Dublin, something like the Grass Market, Edinburgh. There they stripped him naked; then, with a brush, not camel's hair, they daubed him over with warm tar; then a bag of feathers was got, and every one who could get at the victim stuck the feathers over him: then they led him in mock triumph through the Liberties, and, when satiated, let him get home, if he was able. They dispersed, as, probably, by this time the soldiers were approaching.

In these conflicts, or rather riotous acts, many were wounded, several killed,—particularly when the party resisted the magistrate, after the Riot

Act had been read. Alderman James, in one instance, after repeated efforts to quell their rage, and cause them to disperse, finding advice, remonstrance, all arguments fail, and their determination fixed to obstinacy, and a disposition to retaliate on him, was obliged to order the soldiers to fire on them. The soldiers fired at first powder only, but stones being returned for their lenity, an order to load with ball was given: even here the military acted with great moderation; they levelled their muskets so as to discharge above the heads of the unfortunate infatuated multitude. This was noticed by them, and they became more bold and violent; then Alderman James laid his cane across the barrels and lowered them, when a number were taken down; if I remember right, fourteen were killed by that discharge. Alderman James was honoured by the weavers with the title of Alderman Level Low, which he bore with patience the rest of his life.

Alderman Sir Anthony King directed a military party against the Cutting Weavers at another of their outrages, when some lives were forfeited, and he was christened Sir Anthony Tinker. He was a brazier by trade.

Here, again, I have to eulogise the police establishment. To them is owing the entire suppression of this tumultuous starving race of mor-

tals. It were well if the leaders of fashions in Ireland would consider the relative duty they owe these poor artisans, and if a livery must be worn, let it be composed of that which will give bread to the hungry. In Dublin, the manufactures of the kingdom, silks, tabbinets, &c., are made to vie with any fabric ; and calico, muslin, &c. are got up as well as in any other country. If so, why should that propensity for foreign articles be encouraged,—at least, until the poor tradesman gets employed, so as to afford a morsel to his half-starved family ? These tumults caused some to relax : whenever the lord and lady lieutenant appeared in dress of Irish manufacture at a ball on a castle night, then all the nobility and gentry followed their example. It was a grateful sight to the lovers of their country to see this display, and the happy effects *it* produced amongst the poor weavers. There was also a scheme called the Weaver's Scheme, grafted on the lottery, that gave relief ; and frequent subscriptions were made ; but the weavers are still in a wretched state in that city and its liberties. I hope Mr. O'Connell may do something to promote their comforts : he is powerful.

BULL-BAITING, &c.

I COME now to a closing scene of the plagues of Dublin—that of bull-baiting, dog-fighting, throwing at cocks, and cock-fighting, wrestling, football playing, and boxing-matches. All those gymnastic and athletic exercises and vile sports were practised with impunity to the odious actors and abettors. Bulls were baited through the streets to the terror and dismay of passengers, and innumerable accidents, many of a serious and lamentable termination, occurred ; nay, so far were those brutal practices carried, that the ingenious author of *Midas*, Kane O'Hara, was induced to use his pen in a song which flattered their darling passion, although it described them in a disgusting point of view. Yet fraught with humour, and the slang phrases of that unfeeling barbarous race, I have often heard the song given with great point and effect by amateur gentlemen. The song I allude to is "*Lord Altam's Bull—i. e. Lord Altamont.*" I could write it, but spare my readers until I hear of their recovery from my low strain,—already a surfeit, I fear.

Now, again, I have to resort to our protectors of the peace, the police, for the discontinuance of these practices. I could wish, however, to find that the harmless sports were permitted still to exist, which might be managed by a guarantee from the party that all should be conducted without riot or annoyance to the public,—I mean, wrestling, foot-ball, hurling, commons. These are all manly and active games, and exhibit an amusing trial of skill; besides these are the rights of *man*, and of long-established use, and should not be taken from them without just cause.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BOYNE.

THERE was a farmer named Robin Berrell, who lived in the county of Meath, between Slane and Oldbridge. He was commonly called the Knight of the Boyne, from his tall figure and gaunt appearance; also from a habit of reading ancient and obsolete works. His dress and air had much of the Spaniard, so that the title was not inappropriate; indeed, nicknames, as they are called, often are more characteristic than patent titles, such as—*Knocklofty*, for a bland and courteous nobleman, and *Kilmore*, for a peaceable gentleman.

This Mr. Berrell frequented my father's house for the pleasure of conversing on scientific subjects. My father having been an excellent practical mechanic, and Mr. Berrell well read in arts and sciences, one day, in conversation, my father asked him if he still continued his reading?

“ Oh, yes! it is my only occupation.”

“ And what do you read,—novels, of course ?”

“ Oh, no! My daughter of an evening, per-

haps to excite laughter, reads a little in that line.—No : I read ancient histories, in every known language, belles lettres, lives of great men, travels, every thing worthy.”

“ Why, Sir, you must have a great collection of books.”

“ I have ; for the last forty years I have been purchasing, and seldom leave town without some additional work.”

“ How do you manage to keep them in a farmhouse ?”

“ Oh ! I have a house built for the purpose,—it is filled with them : there I spend my day, and never feel a vacuum. Should I wish to refresh myself with the beauties of Nature, I have only to approach my window, which commands a view of the river Boyne and the adjacent country. Then I occasionally take a ramble through the fields, for exercise must not be neglected.”

“ And do you never enjoy the sports of the field ?”

“ Never : I always detested the sport of hunting with pampered horses and hounds, running a harmless little animal to death, and shouting as if they had vanquished a wild beast.”

“ But there are foxes.”

“ Well, let those hunt foxes that like it : the nasty vermin are not worth the trouble, expence,

and dangerous plights they draw sportsmen into."

"Well, Sir, is not that good exercise, and likewise courageous?"

"No, I deny the courage; it would be courageous to face a wolf or a wild boar, but I think a drag chase, or any contention or competition for facing danger, is just as useful as a fox-chase, and requires as much spirit."

"Then, as to your shooting the poor harmless birds."

"I always enjoy them in the places Nature intended them for, though we may be told they were for the use of man, but not for his abuse, nor for his sport. I doubt, we shall fail in our last account in making a defence of sporting with the lives of animals: shooting for sport, cock-fighting, and such amusements, will prove tough subjects on that awful day!"

"Gad, Sir, you reason well! but I fear you will make but few converts."

"Well, I have never shared in those pleasures; and as I am permitted to read my books, I let those who like follow their bent. My sons are great sportsmen,—I don't prevent them; if we all were alike in our desires, there would be greater dissensions and tumults than we have already."

“ Have you ever met any one so fond of books as you are ?”

“ No : I meet young men who are improving themselves to go abroad to convents to become priests ; they come to me, and I direct them in their studies ; I never refuse to impart any thing I know to any one it may serve.”

“ I wish you could see a little son of mine ; my wife intends him for a priest. He is but twelve years old, and has been three years at a Latin school ; and we are thinking of sending him to Bourdeaux to a convent ; he is delicate, but the air of Bourdeaux, they say, is pure and wholesome.”

“ No doubt of that ; but a delicate boy of twelve years will be lost in those cloistered cells. No : let him have a run in the country ; send him down to me for a few months,—we’ll give him country fare,—he may traverse the fields, look at the ploughmen, he may ride asses, play with the young natives, pluck wild berries and nuts,—in fine, he will do better in his own country at present than in France. Can I see him ?”

“ He is now at school ; but if you favour us with your company to a family dinner at four o’clock, you will be able to form an opinion of him.”

“ Oh ! well, then, I will come, for I must see this little twelve-year old.”

At four, when I came in from school, I saw this wonderfully tall gentleman. I had my books strapped up, so he knew me; and the moment I entered, he addressed me in Latin, with "*Salve Domine.*"

I answered, "*Tu dis salvus quoque Domine;*" and we went through the colloquy.

He then advanced to different classics, and found me ready in answer; the last was Juvenal; I was literally perfect in that, as it was the finishing book of my studies. He expressed satisfaction in the scrutiny, and insisted on my being sent to him on the next week.

My father and mother were meditating how to send me, when he said, "I have fixed upon a plan. I shall send a horse for my daughter next Monday, and I will send a pony for this little man. You need not use spurs or whip: wherever the horse goes the pony will accompany him. Stop at Greenoge, eleven miles from Dublin;—my wife, younger son, and daughter, are tending that farm. Stay the remainder of the day with them, and after breakfast, next morning, you can ride eleven miles, which will bring you to my door, at easy stages, for twenty-two miles would be too much for you at first.

The old knight entertained us with his conver-

sation ; it would have been difficult to find another farmer in the whole community so well informed.

Monday brought the horse and pony to town, and on Wednesday morning I attended Miss Berrell, she a tall lady on a high horse, and I a pigmy on a pony. " Indeed, it's true what Henry told me." The pony kept pace with the great horse, and, only Miss Berrell kept her steed in check, my bones must have protruded through my skin. As it was, I was shook to pieces, and to mend matters it rained for the last three miles, so that we were saturated ; and the peasantry, on our arrival, asked her " where she had got the leprachaun." Mrs. Berrell had me stripped, well rubbed with towels, placed in a blanket at a distance from the fire, but under its influential heat ; she also gave me a glass of burned spirits, which made me as comfortable as I could desire. When my clothes were dried, and dinner served, I was quite at home, and never enjoyed a meal with more goût. In the evening, after tea, the peasantry, done with labour, retired to their homes, with the exception of two or three, who were joined by a couple of old women, that took their places in the chimney-corner, and kept a chain of anecdote with the men, whose humour made the conversation to me interesting, I never having been before in such a circle. There were several fine peasant

girls. I have often since considered what a subject it was for a picture, and intended to try and make one, but have deferred until the present day, so that I fear the impression will die with me.

Next morning was fine, and I walked out to view nature in her first light at sunrise; how I wished to be always in such scenes! but my lot was decided otherwise, and I have only been allowed to enjoy it by snatches. We had a breakfast that would have encouraged any one to become a farmer, for no such food can be had in cities at any price; no wonder, then, we have so many enervated beings, whilst the country produces such athletic powerful figures.

After breakfast we rode to Slane. We reached Mr. Berrell's in good time; we found him expecting us. He received me with great cordiality, took me to his book-house or library, and enjoyed my astonishment, for such an immense collection I had never seen together before; he showed me several in Hebrew, Hindostanee, and Persian; many with curious illustrations; he had some in the German and Spanish language. He left me amongst the books to amuse myself, and as he observed, "I had exercised enough that day," he went to take *his* walk. He wore a large cloak with hanging sleeves, a crimson silk handkerchief about his neck and head, and a large leafed hat. He

also carried a long staff in his hand, to assist him in crossing drains, &c. I was greatly pleased with most of the foreign travels, and the prints afforded me much entertainment. When dinner was ready, I was called, and attended, and again was struck with the excellence of all that was served. That day was a sample of every day whilst I was in that house, nearly six months.

I enjoyed recreation more in that visit than I have since, for I had been unaccustomed to amusement, and every thing in the country afforded me pleasure, from the novelty of change and the good health I enjoyed. I became a kind of leader to the boys of the neighbourhood, and every day some new expedition was planned. If distant we rode on asses, brought home nuts one day, the finest wild fruits another, but the common blackberry was to be found there in such perfection, we preferred it to any other. As often as the Knight could lay hold of me, he invited me to join him in his walk, and I was highly amused with his conversation. Every morning, from nine till ten, he gave instruction to some two or three young men, who were preparing for foreign convents, and they profited more by one week's attendance on him, than they could in a month in any school. He was also very charitable ; he would frequently give money at poor cot-

tages, and desire them to come up to his house for milk, butter, bacon, meal, &c. I remarked the country folk could not keep from laughing, when they observed the contrast of my figure walking beside the Knight; and then our speaking in Latin, which he made a rule in our peregrinations, excited their wonder to a great degree.

One day, it was some particular holiday for hearing mass, and the pony being at the other farm, a horse was given me to go to the chapel; it was an old hunter, long out of use in that sport, but sure-footed still. When I had got about half a mile in the direction of the chapel, the sound of a horn and the cry of hounds caused my old nag to prick up his ears and snort. I did not mind this at the first, but a little neighing and a complete refusal to the bit convinced me at once of his being freakish, for he was resolved not to go any way but his own, and neither hedge nor ditch impeded him; in vain I tried to turn him; I might as well pull at a house. I clung as close as possible, but got dreadfully alarmed at the increasing speed and spirit with which he seemed to execute his plan of joining the hounds. I was but a feather on his back, and we were nearing them very fast. He crossed a road and got into a newly ploughed field; here his feet sunk considerably, and he was a little puzzled getting

them up. This saved me from death, for some peasants, that were in the next field, were attracted by his plunging, they saw my danger, and ran to a five-bar gate and opened it, placing themselves under cover of the hedge beside the gate : I had not seen them, and thought my sight defective, for the gate appeared closed to me at my entrance to the field ; the horse got into the path, galloped up, and in passing through the gate the bridle was caught, and I was caught in the arms of a stout fellow, for the jerk I got by the sudden stopping of the horse threw me off the saddle. As they calculated, I received no injury, and they brought me home in triumph. The Knight heard the story, and finding my bones unbroken, laughed immoderately. Thus was I early introduced to the Irish peasantry, and have never allowed the impression then made on me to be effaced. I hope, therefore, to be heard in my turn, to save that oppressed part of the community from falling, by pointing out the way, and opening a gate that will lead to their preservation and comfort. The Knight, fearful of my being a sufferer in thinking of the disaster, changed the subject, and gave me a line or two to put into good Latin ; this took my thoughts from brooding, and it being a difficult task, I set all my mind upon it and made some lame attempt ; then he laughed ; I tried ;

at last he ceased laughing; then I reckoned on success.

Shortly after my adventure of the hunt, perfectly cured of a passion for that sport, I was summoned to Dublin. My school-fellows were preparing for a voyage to Bourdeaux, and my mother was anxious to send me, under their friendly care; she had seen them, and they made solemn promises of attending to me. When it came to the eve of my departure from the Knight's hospitable roof, he spoke to me thus:—"Well, my little man, you will venture on this voyage."

"I said I had no choice, and that I was so improved in health, perhaps it might turn out well."

"I don't like the season," said he, "and it's a nasty dangerous sail; however, we shall never meet again, and that vexes me."

"Why not, Sir?"

"You'll be there some years, I'll be elsewhere, and we can't even hope to meet in the world to come."

"I trust we will in both," said I.

"Oh, that's not possible, you know!"

"I don't know; and why not?"

"Because I am a Protestant, and, according to your belief a heretic; so we shall be in different quarters."

"I trust that you don't suspect me of such belief."

"You can't choose; your religion denounces me; and you will be a professor, and can't relax, however you may wish."

"I'll never subscribe to such doctrine; nor do I know any Roman Catholic that does."

"It is in your catechism, and how will you get rid of it?"

"By disclaiming it."

"Give me your hand, I congratulate you."

"On what?"

"On your not going to sea this bad season; on your never going into holy orders; I'll insure you against both. Now, fare you well, my good boy,—I hope to see you again, and may Providence keep you free of accidents until we meet; should you have any time to spare, come to me, —my house and hand shall be open to welcome you."

Thus I took leave of the Knight, went to bed to rise early and get on my way; a trusty fellow was to attend me to bring back the pony, and I rode the next day with ease to Dublin.

What a great character was the Knight of the Boyne; and what a pity his acquirements were not rendered more useful to society! Had he lived in any other country than Ireland, he, no

doubt, would have been drawn from obscurity, and placed in some situation that must have displayed his estimable qualifications ; but although surrounded by persons of the highest distinction, and they well knowing his attributes, they passed him with a nod, observing, there goes the Knight of the Boyne, and that farmers and peasants were better employed in fields of corn than in the fields of Parnassus. The same doctrine was urged as a defence on their refusal to educate the Irish peasantry, that they would become more learned than their masters, and therefore more ungovernable ; this barbarous policy has been the ruling principle in my unfortunate country for ages past and to this day. How are we disgusted with the feuds and cabals raised to prevent the education of the poor, yet look to the sums of money wasted under the pretext of supporting schools : thus, before and since the union, the barbarism laid to the charge of the poor simple peasantry lies at the doors of the unfeeling part of the aristocracy.

SAD AFFAIRS.

I now returned to Dublin, waited upon my school-fellows to know the time they expected to sail for Bourdeaux, and also the necessary preparations for the voyage. They told me in a month they would embark; it was then October, and that I should first wait upon the clergyman appointed to examine the students as to their eligibility to be forwarded to the convent, both as to education and the line of profession they intended to embrace.

Accordingly, I went to the examiner, and he approved of my acquirements in Latin; but in a close scrutiny of my principles of religion, he put the question to me concerning the tenet of *exclusive* salvation, which I could not subscribe to. We had a long argument, and he said all he could to soften it down, by observing it is seldom *embraced*, but, being a fundamental principle, was *unavoidably* prominent in taking orders. My answer was definitive, that I could not believe in the doctrine, and would never sanction it by a solemn vow.

He then said, "I cannot recommend you as

eligible, and would advise you to turn your thoughts to some other profession: you cannot proceed with these young men."

I then replied, "I was sorry, as my mother wished it."

"Oh, that is nothing in the scale—unless you are called, you cannot be chosen: that is, unless of your own will and wish you embrace the church, you are unfit."

"Then I shall lead a weary life, for my mother's temper is warm and violent, and she will visit this refusal of mine by continual upbraiding."

"That I'll take care she shall not, for we will not let her know what has caused the impediment; keep your own secret, and it will not be divulged. I will let your mother know that your youth incapacitates you at present; that if she don't wish you to continue at school, she ought to employ you at business of some sort, and in a few years it will be then time enough to send you out, *when maturity may render you more eligible*; by that time, should you relax in your scruple, there could be no obstacle."

I took my leave of the reverend gentleman, and told my mother permission to go to Bourdeaux could not be granted to me at the present time; and I was happy to find her rhetoric failed with the priest, *for she went directly to him,*

on my announcement, and the poor woman came home uninformed and disappointed. The reverend gentleman kept his word with me.

I saw my school-fellows before their departure, and took leave of them. My mother began to melt at the scene, and regretted my diminutive size that precluded me from accompanying them.

One month had not passed, when a melancholy account reached us of the wreck of Captain Mallay's ship, bound to Bourdeaux, crew and passengers lost, Captain Mallay and cabin-boy excepted. Here was a providential escape, owing to the happy interference of the worthy knight of the Boyne. My mother was absorbed in religious ejaculations and thanksgivings for my preservation. I could not turn to any other subject but the horrors of shipwreck and the lamentable fate of my schoolmates.

THE KING OF DALKEY.

A PARTY of high-bred wits formed, by what accident chronology has not promulgated, but as long as I can remember any public occurrence worthy of notice, I recollect The King of Dalkey, his court, and adherents, going to spend a day every summer at Dalkey, and the sayings and doings of that day have been echoed and re-echoed in my ears.

My reader shall be made acquainted with the subject as far as I can relate. In the first place Dalkey Island, in Dublin harbour, is a small piece of land, which in fine weather is invitingly eligible to pass a day and partake of a cold collation, and it is frequented by citizens, *particularly on Sunday*, for that purpose. One of those parties, becoming numerous, formed a government, and elected a king and court. All the officers of state, the military, the church, and the bar, furnished places, or at least titles; and the same ceremonies practised at courts were observed, and the respectful homage paid to rank and station; the speeches used, and the mode of ad-

dressing, copied from the court, senate, bar, and church; these were strictly attended to: the whole was a playful burlesque upon forms and prescribed rules. Stephen Armitage, of vocal memory, was king when I first witnessed this scene of hilarity and mockery. I obtained a ticket, and was permitted to land, for they had even land-waiters, who were very strict; all officers were kept on the alert.

Kane O'Hara was poet laureat,—I believe he obtained that high favour for "My Lord Altam's Bull;" or "The Night before Larry was stretched," *another song from his pen*. In the course of the day, while business was transacted, many subjects were discussed before his majesty; those subjects were questions on some public measure that was perhaps not decidedly passed, and therefore such objections as might be made were silyly introduced; but the gravity of the speaker, the whim, the satire, were beyond endurance, without bursts of laughter. Never had comedy and farce, or burlesque, such fair display; when business ended and refreshments were administered, then came the tug of war; but all was in good humour, every one was served, and there were great numbers admitted as visitors. After dinner, and drinking a few glasses, his majesty, king Stephen, honoured his subjects by

singing. He had a good voice, and gave his song with great energy, which the open space where we were assembled required. Then followed calls, and many excellent songs, duets, catches, glees, slang, and other humorous compositions, perhaps matchless in any other assemblage, entertained us the whole evening. The party then retired, boats in requisition surrounded the island, and we all got home generally without accident. I had the pleasure of enjoying this occasionally whilst it continued a custom. But king Stephen died, and John West, brother to my worthy master, Francis Robert West, was chosen king. This new monarch came into power too near the Rebellion in Ireland 1798, so that the satire was not deemed such a safe conductor of sentiment as it had been in more peaceable times. The kingdom of Dalkey was therefore neglected, and the government died a natural death on the demise of king John. Oh, Rebellion! thou destroyer of all the social virtues! I saw one rebellion, and I never shall, I hope, see another.

RANELAGH PUBLIC WALKS AND PROMENADES.

DUBLIN possessed many alluring grounds for public display of person, dress, and also very advantageous on the score of health. The most desirable of these walks was Ranelagh, and the gardens attached to it. There was a rotunda built adjacent to the Lying-in Hospital, and a very beautiful garden to it: the profits were chiefly for the additional support of the hospital, where pregnant women were received at the approach of accouchement, and entertained until, by medical care, they were deemed fit from travail to travel. The hospital is situated at the end of Sackville Street—one of the finest streets, if not the very first, in the city, and comparable with any street in any city. It was at that time inhabited by nobility and gentry: no person without very large means could afford to reside there. The hospital is surrounded by a spacious square called Rutland Square; in the centre of Sackville Street was a mall, or promenade, inclosed by a low wall, and it was greatly frequented. If health

can be found in a city, it may in *that* quarter, for the air is excellent. The hospital has been seldom vacant for want of cumbent patients, and the gardens never solitary for want of lively company, unless in bad weather; and then the Rotunda, Ranelagh-like, confined all the beauty and fashion of the time, in a close point of view; so that you had a more near approach to great personages at that promenade than at any other. It was the fashion. Oh, what a charm! I am relieved and solaced by the recollection; and what is better and more consoling. There was no Union then thought necessary;—no, we did very well without it. *Music*, song, refreshments, as at Ranelagh, London.

The next place of resort, as a fashionable lounge, was Vauxhall; and this, strange to tell, was situated in the vicinity of Dublin, at a place called Ranelagh. There were very beautiful gardens and rooms for promenade and refreshments;—there were also fireworks, as at Vauxhall, London; but these attractive stars and rockets were often more injurious to the proprietor than he could have conceived on his first speculative plan, he was most unlucky, in point of good weather; for, if it should not be fair, his works could not be made effective: therefore, though prepared and advertised for a particular night, he

was obliged to send round bills of apology, and commence his bill with *weather permitting*. He had expended large sums in improving the grounds, and, when he could exhibit, the entertainment was perfect and satisfactory ; but so many losses, by bad weather, obliged him to desist and give up the pursuit ; and he having been in other speculative schemes, where failure was his lot, he was heard to say if he turned hatter men would, he supposed, be born without heads. His name was Hollicter ; he was bred an organ-builder—an occupation not adapted to Dublin at any time.

Thus, after several years' experience, he retired, and the place has been purchased for a convent of Nuns, and is now an establishment of that kind. Another fashionable promenade was Marlborough Green. That was open, and free of expense. It lay contiguous to the best part of the town, and was well frequented. That public resort was abandoned from a rencontre that took place between Lord Delvin and Captain George Reilly, in which the nobleman fell. The case was as follows :—Captain G. Reilly was walking with some ladies of his acquaintance, one of whom, a very beautiful woman, he afterwards married. Lord Delvin, then an officer of dragoons, was in his uniform : Reilly dressed in his uniform. He was in a regiment of foot. In the course of the walk

Lord Delvin made some efforts to join this party, but it was done in a way that was not, by any means, agreeable to the ladies or to Captain Reilly ; and at length his lordship watched an opportunity to speak to the lady when her party were turning at the end of a walk ; in doing so, he pushed in between Reilly and the lady. She was offended at his lordship's speech, and could not suppress *her* indignation, but struggled to get free from the bustle and crowd occasioned by that unfortunate intrusion, and one of the spurs of Lord Delvin caught in her gown, and he carried away a strip of it. Captain Reilly remonstrated, and desired an apology. Lord Delvin stuck his spur in Reilly's leg, and his silk stockings were soon covered with blood ; upon which Reilly clapped his hand to his sword, and desired his lordship to draw. This order was obeyed instantler, and a minute or two laid the lord prostrate on the Green, in death. The horror and confusion *then* may be better conceived than described. Marlborough Green from that day became a desert. Captain Reilly stood his trial, and was honourably acquitted.

St. Stephen's Green became a fashionable lounge then for some years, but it being near the residence of citizens, it was left entirely to them to occupy, and they dressed very well, and made

as good a show, perhaps, as their betters. It is well adapted for promenade, being a very extensive square, an English mile in its boundary, and a fine field in the centre ; it was planted round with a double row of high trees, which have been since cut down. I can't say that an improvement has been made, though it is still a very handsome object. It is now useful to children under the care of servants, but no longer attended as a general promenade.

The fashionable lounges are now confined to the flagged way in Merrion Square, Sackville Street, and Rutland Square ; the Rotunda Gardens are frequented on some evening every week ; admittance, sixpence : a band of music performs there. Such are the changes and chequers of Dublin, even in her comforts. There are scarcely numbers to make up a show at these confined paths. Oh, what a change, in my memory !

THE PULPIT.

THERE was a preacher of great eminence in Dublin, in my early days, of the name of Fleming; he was a Roman Catholic clergyman of an enlarged mind, free from bigotry, and gifted with attributes of the highest quality to form a perfect orator. His taste for composition was pure and original; his language natural, yet poetically chosen to express his subject; his imagery grand, so that his sermons were pictures of human life, held up to view and descanted upon with judgment, derived from a thorough knowledge of mankind, and prepared with a remedy for every vicious habit or reigning folly. In description he was so clear that you could not mistake nor blink the question; then his voice was so harmonious, and his articulation so perfect, yet without apparent effort, that he delighted his hearers. I have attended to, for sixty years, every preacher of note, in all places of Christian worship within my reach in Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales, and I have never met any one equal to him. From the time I first heard him, when I was but nine years

old, he never preached a sermon that I knew of previously without attending to his edifying discourse. Lest I should be considered partial, I can adduce some respectable names of members of the Protestant church that were always to be found ranged round the foot of his pulpit, and often so numerous as to fill a gallery opposite.—Nearly the whole of the Hutchinson family, the head of which family was the Provost of Trinity College, Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby, Yelverton, Michael Smith, L. Gardner, Isaac Corry, Brownlow, Hussey Burgh—I could add more were these not sufficient to give some idea that excellence alone could have drawn such an assemblage of luminous characters, and to a place of worship not their own.

Dean Kirwan was the only preacher I have heard that could attempt to compete with Mr. Fleming; and the Dean having been exclusively employed in the cause of charity, prevents any fair comparison, although I think comparison by no means a fair test of superior abilities, for unless the parties are similarly gifted in requisites the comparison ends. Now, Fleming and Kirwan were differently supplied with natural attributes, and their modes, style of composition, delivery, action, &c., differed likewise; but each felt his power, and adapted the means of using it exactly

to suit his purpose. The contrast might be discovered by referring to their respective manner of delivery.

Fleming was easy and familiar in his exordium, divided his subjects into parts, and proposed treating it in that order; he then gradually raised his voice, which was powerful and clear, so that he could be heard at the door of the chapel, and yet no effort. He painted in glaring colours the enormity or vice he wished to correct, and the attendant miseries brought on perhaps a whole family by a wretched husband or wife; the contrast drawn between the innocent children and their depraved parent, formed so strong yet true a picture of distress, that one might suppose, if he ceased speaking and ended there, the horror and disgust were so felt, that a change would take place, if any power of reflection remained in the minds of those the painting might resemble.—He generally sat down for five minutes, then rose and gave another picture, sweetly touched, of the pleasure to be enjoyed in our correcting any of our passions, but particularly of such destructive power as that one he had described; then of the value of religious application, and calling upon our Maker for his assistance; and, lastly, of the happiness hereafter promised to those who repent truly of their sins. He then made a feeling

appeal, when his voice changed to a tone so truly fervent and pathetic, his auditors were moved, many to tears; and he closed with leaving an impressive interest in the hearts of all his hearers.

Dean Kirwan commenced with the Lord's Prayer; then looking at his paper, gave out the text, and proceeded to expose the helpless state of orphans left to casual supplies, obtained in the manner in which he was then engaged, pleading the cause of so many young destitute creatures preserved so far from starvation and ignorance, but entirely dependant from that day on the bounty of his auditors. He then drew pictures of luxury, and thundered his artillery against the great and opulent. His language was well chosen, and perfectly adapted to express his meaning; his figures transcendantly beautiful, and following each other in rapid succession, delivered with great energy, and sometimes impassioned to a degree to the very extent of his powers, so that he was often obliged to pause for rest, from exhaustion. No man ever was more zealous in a cause that seemed to possess his heart and soul, and to have engaged his faculties of mind and speech to the utmost stretch; in fine, he appeared inspired on that part of his discourse; he used much action, and evinced talent for an excellent actor, statesman, or advocate. He was truly

eloquent, and seemed to speak not from previous study, yet his deportment appeared studious and preconcerted. When he was nearly finished, in a subdued tone, he lamented that his exertions were, he feared, likely to fail. He had not the art of touching their feelings. He then pointed to a number of the children placed in a situation for public view,—their claims were evident in their innocent looks and mild appearance; then recommending them to the care of their Creator, he, in a fervent appeal, closed his discourse, always with some happy sentence. The effect of his eloquence was such upon his congregation, that many persons, after having emptied their purses, left their watches, until released by a further donation.

These two clergymen, it is said, studied in the same college, and were competitors for fame *in speaking*; they were to the last friendly when they met in company, although of different religions. Mr. Kirwan became a Protestant, and was made a Dean, as the following paragraph will explain.

Mr. Grattan, the great orator in the Irish parliament, finding the Rev. W. B. Kirwan poorly provided for, although he had quitted the Roman Catholic religion and embraced the Protestant, and had been indefatigable in the cause of charity

so as to have severely injured his health, he (Mr. Grattan) rose one day and addressed the house thus:—"I rise," said he, "to speak in the neglected case of the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, a man of talent, of true Christian piety and virtue, a man who, in feeding the lamp of charity, has nearly extinguished the lamp of life; and what has been his remuneration? *St. Nicholas without or St. Nicholas within.** Oh, shame! shame! shame! shame!" He sat down.

Not long after Mr. Kirwan was made a Dean, and some comfortable emolument attached to it. I *believe*, however, he did not relax in his labours, but advocated still the cause of charity, until exhaustion placed him at rest in the grave.

It is but justice to the fame of those two eminent persons to say, that the sermons published in their names as their compositions, are vile impostures, and bear scarcely a sentence worthy of their admirable discourses. I therefore hope and trust my readers, should these garbled fragments meet their eye, will turn from them with merited disgust and aversion.

* St. Nicholas within and St. Nicholas without are, I believe, two livings of very limited means, and were even jointly a poor recompense to a man of such luminous talent, effectively employed in the cause of charity.

HOME, THE PAINTER.

MR. ROBERT HOME, portrait-painter, had been in the navy (a lieutenant), and, having received a wound, which disabled his left arm, was allowed to retire on half-pay. He having a taste for drawing, went to Rome, and studied there for a few years; then returned to London, where he commenced portrait-painting, and showed great promise in his portraits of some of his family and friends that resided there, — Surgeon Home, young Dr. Hunter, and others; but London being occupied in that line by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, &c., there was little chance of a young painter getting practice against such formidable rivals; he therefore decided upon going to Dublin, and with letters to his countrymen, who are famed for serving their fellow Scots, he got into fashion at once. His friends were chiefly medical — Dr. Hutchinson, Grey, Cunningham, Cleghorn, Barry, Quin, &c. These were all eminent in their profession, and had such influential power with persons of rank that Home had as many sitters as he could paint, and his show-rooms exhibited all

the fashion and beauty amongst persons of the highest rank ; and there was in Dublin at that period a great assemblage. I saw his pictures, and was greatly struck with the display : I thought, if I could get to copy some of them, I should be able to do wonders, so I resolved to try and accomplish this end ; for which purpose I applied to the person who had built his painting-room. His influence obtained my wish : a sum of money was demanded, greater than I could command. However, I brought my parents to consent, on my promise of still keeping their books, and giving whatever assistance I could at their business, that they would answer the demand ; indeed, I was too formidable an auxiliary then to lose, and they feared my going to England to practise, which I had some notion of doing.

I then quitted the academy, and confined all my studies to copying Home's pictures. He had two other pupils, or apprentices, Woodburn and Keenan. They were confined to business for Home, as he had many copies to make, but I merely went when I pleased, painted or not, and left my fellows hard at work, envying my state of freedom. I found Home very obliging, and he saw much company, and frequently invited me to dinner—a double treat. He had married an interesting lady, Miss Delane, whose two sisters

were very much at his house, and formed a party at any time most pleasing. Then many persons of talent, wit, and humour, were to be seen at his table,—all the stars, J. Kemble, Henderson, Pope, Holman, &c. &c. &c.. This went on for a long time, until Stewart came from London: his pictures were sought for with great avidity; so that Home fell off in his practice, and he left Dublin with a purse not filled, and he ought to have saved thousands. In London he tried again, but found no chance of getting forward, so determined to go to India. He sailed for the East, and painted with success till Chimroy arrived there; then Home accepted an offer from the King of Oude, as his portrait-painter. He held this situation until about four years since. I suppose his age has caused his retirement. Let me do some justice to my old master for his works.

He painted a portrait of Dr. Hutchinson reading by candle-light—a kit-kat size. It was his best picture, well designed, the position natural and easy, the effect of the candle-light very imposing, the drawing good, and general effect strong. In fine, it might be shown against any picture of the same size, by any portrait-painter in London. *Astarte and Zadig*, an Eastern Tale.—He painted a beautiful picture of this subject with every quality of art attended to: a very fine print, *metz-*

otinto, was made from it. Were all his pictures equal to those two, he would have borne a name equal to any painter of his time ; but he fell into a careless manner that sadly depreciated his fame as a great artist. Col. Caffè bought the picture of Astarte and Zadig. A very fine portrait of Dr. Dunne, the famous Presbyterian preacher, from his hand, was the next best picture—*kit-kat* size. The head possessed great force and character, and seemed to come out from the canvass. Dr. Dunne was a fine subject, good expression, and rich colour, with long white hair of the warm hue, and waving. The picture is at Counsellor Dunne's, Sackville Street, and well worth viewing. I have not seen any of Home's works done in India, but if he rallied, and renewed his studies, after his arrival there, he might have competed with any painter that has visited the East since he went out.

PATRONAGE.

THE county of Meath again offered me encouragement to visit her green fields and hospitable mansions.

The late Walter Keating, Esq. of Kells, in that county, invited me to his house, that he might have the pleasure of forwarding me in my pursuit of portrait-painting. Mr. Keating was agent at that period to the first Earl of Bective, and in his official character highly valued both by his lordship and tenantry; this well-merited reputation gave him an influential power in the country most flattering to his feelings, as it enabled him to serve his friend, an office he was always ready to engage in, and never slow to perform. I had the good fortune to be numbered with his favourites, and he having witnessed my emerging from trade to embrace the fine arts, he felt a strong interest in my welfare, and said, I should paint a dozen portraits of him and family, and that he had little doubt of recommending me a sufficient number to keep me some time in full practice; he appointed the next week to receive me at his house

in Kells, and with a friendly invitation and grasp of my hand took leave.

Elated with this flattering prospect, I thought time lagged tediously until the hour of my departure from Dublin. On my arrival at Kells I received a dreadful shock. My friend, Mr. Keating, was confined to bed, *attended by two physicians*, with an inward inflammation. The disease had baffled their skill, and a statement of his case had been sent to the College of Physicians, Dublin; an approval of the two doctors' treatment was returned, with some dernier resort recommended. Meantime, Dr. Cleghorn, at a very advanced age, came from his retirement, twenty miles, to try his skill,—such was the high character of Mr. Keating, the old professor was drawn to pay this friendly visit. He was present when the orders from the college consultation had been tried, and approved of it; but having waited long enough to judge of its efficacy, he recommended us to make up our minds on the worst, for he knew not any thing more that could be done. He then left us in a hopeless state; we had no refuge left but in Dr. Wilson, a physician of great repute in Cavan; he had been successful in desperate cases, and as this appeared to me one of that description, I had persuaded Mrs. Keating to send for him. The messenger was charged with bringing him as ex-

peditionously as possible, and he performed his commission to our astonishment.

The doctor arrived at twelve o'clock at night. I received him, and found it difficult to mask my surprise at his singular appearance. He desired to be taken to the patient's room. I showed him the way. He examined us as to the treatment, he felt the patient all over, then mixed up some powders and gave them; he placed a seaton in each side, ordered all out of the room except the nurse tender; he gave her directions, then left the patient to repose if he could, giving him some cheering advice to preserve his spirits. He returned with me to the parlour. A person was waiting to induce him to go a few doors to give his aid to a medical gentleman who was attending this person's wife; the case was an accouchement of difficulty and danger. The doctor asked me to accompany him; it was to the inn, and I attended him; he leaned on my arm, and almost bent me to the earth.

So grotesque a figure I never saw before or since; he was a man of great calibre, and could he have stood up erect, might have been five feet nine inches high; but down, lame of one leg, which lowered him nearly a foot, he appeared falling, until you observed a strong crutch stick, which he used for his support. He had a large

head, a face brown as oak, a hawk nose, and only one eye,—that eye was like an eagle's. His dress was made in a loose and common way; it was of coarse blue cloth, but of a lighter cast than is generally worn; the skirts of his coat in walking nearly touched the ground, and the width was so great as to wrap around him occasionally. He was just in time, suggested some plan, which the surgeon adopted, and the case was successful: he then came down and joined me, to return to Keating's. The waiter presented him with a guinea.

"What," said he, "arn't you a waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that's your wife I have just seen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then put that in your pocket, it will help you to pay your own surgeon, who deserves it. He is a clever young fellow, and I merely backed him."

Then we went home, and he proceeded up to the patient's room. His medicines had the desired effect, which had not been obtained by the united efforts of the faculty, with the report of the Dublin consultation, and the artillery of medicine, bleeding, blistering, and topical applications; yet, in one hour, this rough, unpolished man, derided by professors, called kill or cure, but lauded by the public, had succeeded in this unparalleled difficult

case. When we came to the parlour, the children were all present, and Mrs. Keating.

“ Well, madam, how do *you* do—I did not notice you before, I was anxious only for my patient. Now, let me ask you how many children have you?”

“ *Fourteen.*”

“ And you are still a stout woman ;—you expect to learn from me—what I never wish to hide—my opinion of my patient; let me relieve you. I think you may yet bear fourteen children more by your partner, for, if I am not greatly out in my prognostic, I will have him on his legs in fourteen days. So let us now go to rest, and hope for a visible change, on our uprise, which I expect.”

They all went to bed greatly elevated by the cheering verdict of Dr. Wilson, whose truth and candour on such occasions were proverbial. The doctor took a cup of comfort, after picking a bit at supper. We had great talking, and then retired. A few hours saw us at breakfast. The doctor had been with his patient, whose well-doing he reported to us. He sent to Bective House, or Headfort, so called, for ripe fruit ; this and oatmeal porridge made on new milk were his chief sustenance for some days, then gradually more nutritious food,—wild fowl, back of rabbit, mutton-chop. In a fortnight Mr. Keating dined with his family, and Dr. Wilson was raised to the skies by the praise bestowed upon him.

My friend now restored, Wilson prepared to return to his home practice, and the Earl of Bective sent to request the favour of a visit from him before his departure. The doctor insisted on my accompanying him to Headfort House, so I was forced to comply; it was but a mile. We walked our horses, merely to have as much talk as possible, as he was fond of talking. We were received by his lordship in a splendid drawing-room with great courtesy, yet very dignified.

“Dr. Wilson, I took the liberty of suggesting you would call, as I was anxious to return you thanks, personally, for my worthy agent, Mr. Walter Keating, than whom there is no man in this country could have been more regretted. His life has been preserved by you, and you deserve great credit for his cure, and that cure performed when his complaint had continued, notwithstanding the medical treatment he underwent, — the best, too, this part of the country affords.

“*I* should have suffered an incalculable loss. Many gentlemen in this and the neighbouring counties must have suffered also; but the poor tenantry were likely to have been the greatest sufferers of all, for he has been all to them. I assure you, Dr. Wilson, I have the highest opinion of your talents, and I envy the County Cavan that charms you to that spot.”

“My lord, I did my best. I succeeded, and

am proud of my work,—particularly as it merits your lordship's approbation."

"You'll be pleased to take a luncheon, with your friend, Dr. Wilson."

The table was laid out with a nice lunch. We partook of the cold collation, and drank a couple of glasses of fine madeira. The doctor observing a painting over the mantle-piece, asked his lordship what the subject was.

Lord Bective answered, "A Roman Sacrifice."

"Is it the Paudereens, my lord?"

"No, it is an ancient Pagan worship. You know the church of Rome was the first Christian church."

"Oh, well, I know ; but to me it appears very like their altars, forms, and ceremonies."

"Why, doctor, altars must always bear some resemblance to the original antique designs ; they are so much preferable, we can't vary, and mend their works."

"That's a good picture, — that gentleman in his library."

"Oh, that's my son, Lord Headfort, that has been painted at Rome, by Pompeo Batoni ; and the companion picture, by the same painter, is Lady Headfort."

"That's your lordship's picture in the centre, is it not?"

"It is by Stuart."

"That's well done, isn't it, Larry."

"Very well," I replied.

"Could you make a likeness like that?"

"Yes—so like it you should not know the difference."

"You are a painter, then," said his lordship.

"I am, my lord."

"Perhaps you are Mr. Keating's relative that I have heard of."

"The same, my lord."

"His illness has affected you, too."

"Indeed it has, my lord; but, thank God and the doctor here, I think he has got a lease of life."

"I hope so."

"Will you favour me with a sight of your works if I call at Keating's?"

"My lord, you will honour me exceedingly."

"I'll recollect, you may rely on't. Dr. Wilson, words are poor testimonials or rewards of merit. Allow me to present you with a token of my obligation to you, and I shall always mention your famous cure amongst my friends. I wish you a pleasant journey and safe home," handing him two packages which the doctor put in his pocket.

We made our bow responsive, and parted company with his lordship. When we rode a little way from the demesne—

"That's a fine spirited nobleman, isn't he, Larry."

"Yes; but why did you call me Larry before him."

"What matter,—it's as good a name as any; and I know no other name for you since the night before Larry was stretched, which you sung for us at Keating's: but he'll call to see you, and perhaps you may paint for him."

"What is it he gave me, do you think?"

"He gave you two rouleaus."

"What are rouleaus?"

"Guineas packed up in paper rolls."

"I think they are rolls of tobacco."

"I'll give you fifty guineas for them,—that's more than two small rolls of tobacco would be worth."

"Would you really give me fifty guineas without seeing them?"

"Yes: will you take it?"

"No, I'll take my chance."

When we got to Kells, we went to the doctor's chamber and reckoned the money. It amounted to one hundred guineas. The doctor was astonished. However, he said he would return forty guineas, which Mr. Keating had given him that morning. I advised him not to make the attempt. I knew Mr. Keating's disposition,

that he would not avail himself of any excuse to compromise an honourable debt. It was as I premised. He refused, and was only withheld from anger by the debt of gratitude he still felt due to Wilson's wonderful cure. So the doctor took leave with one hundred and forty guineas in his pocket, and was considerably raised in the opinions of Cavan folk, as to his professional skill. Though relieved from a dead weight hanging on my arm every day, I regretted the doctor's departure, *for he was a man of talent*, though very uninformed in books, except medical ;—he had never looked into Shakspeare, and he would as soon have thought of entering hell as a theatre. Yet I brought him to enjoy the immortal bard so much, that every evening we could get together he sought for my reading some passages. I first read Hamlet; and it was the first play he had ever heard read in his life. He entered so much into the subject, that his stubborn and rigid disposition was softened to tears: and he expressed the greatest satisfaction at my reading that affecting story, as he termed it. Such an unsophisticated critic was not often to be met with; and I found great pleasure in making a convert of the doctor. He called me Hamlet, after the reading. Every morning, unless bad weather prevented, he rode round the vicinity of Kells, visiting the poor cot-

tagers,—curing several, and giving general advice. I always accompanied him, and gave him praise for his kind and benevolent acts.

He rose into high estimation, as Mr. Keating's cure was so public, and his health so perfectly established, that he lived twenty years after that attack. It was a pity Wilson had not resided in the metropolis, such a professor would have been a great acquisition; but he was wedded to Cavan, for I having made him out some years after Keating's cure, in Dublin, where he came to be examined on a great law case, *Newburgh v. Burrows*, I pointed out to him then the great advantages he would derive by residing in our city.

He said his friends were all in Cavan and its vicinity; that he was too old for transplanting; that he had good practice, and if he could realize as much as, should he get tired, afford him retirement, it was all he looked for.

"Why, my dear Sir," said I, "to be tired might be sufficient, without wishing to be retired."

"Larry, you are still a punster, and that's a bad pun; for it's as great nonsense as Curran said on my broken leg and blind eye."

"Pray, what was it he said?"

"Why, he was remarking upon the will in the case of *Newburgh v. Burrows*; I had given evi-

dence that was likely to make against his client, and after standing his cross-examination he remarked, holding a paper in his hand, ‘Is it not singular, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, that though six persons with good eyes had read this paper, that not one of the six saw this line, yet Dr. Wilson, with his blind eye, swore he saw it.’”

‘He did,’ said I; ‘and I’ll bet five pounds I see farther than you, with those two dirty hollow eyes of yours.’—Well, well; there was a laugh; then he said again, ‘My lord, the poor gentleman, nine months confined, who could not walk across the room without assistance, was walking half-a-mile from the house with Dr. Wilson on his lame leg.’—‘Well, that’s true, also; and if you wish to win my five pound, there it is,’ taking it out and holding it before him, ‘I’ll bet you for that sum I kick you from this court to the tholsel, in spite of your two legs and all you can do to prevent me.’

The judge wanted to be angry, but was prevented by laughter; however, he told me I was using language not to be admitted there. I asked him, was I to stand like a lame and blind beggar to be abused without defending myself. ‘Who used bad language first?’—‘That’s quite regular: pleaders are licensed to a great degree, to invalidate evidence; perhaps in the doctor’s profession (surely, therefore, with

them) you have a licence that permits you to go great lengths to save life.' Then Curran said, 'He is licensed to kill or cure; and he is so desperate to defy law and justice, and practise in the open court.'—'I proposed a cure, not to kill; however, my lord, I ask your lordship's pardon for offending the court through my ignorance, but that *Cur-ran* against me, and I thought my best antidote against the poison of his tooth, was a hair of the same dog.' The court was entirely convulsed with laughter; so I came away, and have got rid of lawyers and judges; but you can't think how much this dialogue has been discussed,—I suppose this is the twentieth time I have told it."

"Why, doctor, that was a bit,—gad! it was wit; all puns must sink before a witty sarcasm like that. Shan't we have you longer."

"No; I return to-morrow. I wish you'd come to Cavan; I'd take care of your health, and we might talk over old times."

I gave him a promise to go to Cavan should my next country tour lie within twenty miles of that town. We parted, and I never saw the doctor after, for my way did not come within fifty miles of that beautiful spot.

PORTRAIT-PAINTING AND PRIVATE DRAMA.

Now fairly set down to painting, I commenced with Mrs. Keating. She was a good subject. I could not have desired a better model to make a show picture. My success was such that, in one month, I had the whole circle of gentry in and about Kells, and as many pictures to do as would require three months to finish.

The Keatings' portraits alone filled a large and lofty parlour ; these, with my progressive works, made good show. I had amongst these Miss Dye Vernon, Miss Fanny Reilly, Miss Barnes—three admirable subjects ; a Mrs. Weldon, a fine woman, fond of riding, even to joining in the chase. Amongst the gentlemen, Captain George Reilly, who had killed Lord Delvin, in a rencontre in Marlborough Green, Counsellor Vernon, Mr. Charles Vernon, (now Sir Charles,) Frederick E. Jones ; he had just returned from the continent, and made a great figure with a handsome carriage, horses, and servants. My Lord Bective came to view

my works. A gentleman attended his lordship, who asked which was Mrs. Weldon's picture.

"This is Mrs. Weldon," said his lordship.

"I thought that was Mrs. Keating," said the gentleman.

"I call it *Mrs. Weldon*."

Bravo, my lord; and this *jeu-d'esprit* entertained a room full of visitors. I treasured it, as it was the only compliment I received at the hands of his lordship, *except the luncheon*. Being very much fagged with over-working at painting, I began to look out some amusement: I could not afford day sports, so contrived to manage some evening entertainment. The drama presented its fascinating stores, and the arrival of a couple of strollers and their families led me directly to the subject of my meditation and wishes. They were incapable of exertion from poverty and loss of their companions, who had deserted to other towns, hopeless of living under their management. There were two men and two women, with a family of starving children. The unfortunate beings attempted something, wretched and in rags as they were, but could not get on. They were soon in jail for debt, and I was applied to to assist them. I gave some money, and raised contributions from all the well-disposed,—took them out of jail, and set them properly to work;

—got canvass, painted scenes, and obtained the use of the Castle for a theatre. We soon had it in a fit state for performance. Some amateur gentlemen formed a *corps dramatique*, and we proceeded to cast

The play of "The Orphan ;"

Castalio fell to my lot; Polidore, Mr John Tandy; Chamont, Mr. William Tallon; Acasto, Captain Molloy; the two players, Ernesto and Servant; Mrs. Burke, Monimia; and Mrs. Walsh, the second female.

The farce, "Lethe."

Young Keating played the Frenchman; Mr. Tandy Lord Chalkstone; the fine gentleman, I undertook.

The play and farce went off as well as if we had all been starving actors. I spoke a prologue, which I wrote on the occasion, to evince our want of skill: it passed off with great applause. I subjoin it to this article for such of my readers as condescend to read trifles.

The proceeds of this play raised the actors from poverty to affluence; but they made such bad use of our earnings, we took the pence in future, and put them on salaries.

We performed three plays and farces, and then took the players again out of jail,—hired cars—put on the scenery, and other useful matters ;—saw their wives and children all placed comfortably, and sent them twenty miles from Kells, with a sum to be given to a trusty person, at the journey's end, to set them going. Thus we got rid of a set of drunkards, and the rage for acting was cooled for some time.

THE INTRODUCTORY PROLOGUE I WROTE FOR "THE
ORPHAN," OUR FIRST PLAY AT KELL'S CASTLE.

Spoken by Castalio.

To hold the mirror up to Nature's eyes,
To veil instruction in delightful guise,
By artful strokes our vices to improve,
To curb the passions and the heart improve;
E'en to this night, from time's remotest age,
Has been th' incessant labour of the stage.
The same great end for ever held in view,
The rival muses different paths pursue,
O'er flowery meads, o'er fields for ever gay,
Thalia, sweetly smiling, bends her way;
While gentl'st zephyrs, and a sky serene,
Conspiring, aid to gild the mirthful scene.
With trembling limbs, and heart o'ercharg'd with
woes,

Thro' thorny wilds her tragic sister goes,
Whilst low'ring clouds her future scenes o'ercast,
And storm and thunder darken all the past.
In bloody characters our crimes she draws,
And frights her hearers into virtue's cause;
Thus far to vindicate our bard's intent,
In some mix'd characters we represent.

But what persuasive reason shall we use
Our own presumptuous weakness to excuse ;
On callow wing attempting such a flight
Before the awful judges of this night.
New to the stage, by no past praises fired,
Unfamed and young, by hope alone inspired,
Raise us to reach that hope's ambitious goal,
Or with soft pity break our threaten'd fall.
Small though our merit be, your smiles are great,
And undeserved applause may worth create ;
Sweetness sits smiling where the heart beats true,
And they praise most to whom most praise is due.
Low let me court you to befriend our cause,—
If merit pleads not, gen'rous pity draws.
Forget awhile the fame of former days ;
Forget awhile your fav'rite Barry's praise ;
On us frown not, though no actors we,
Nor scorn Castalio, though perform'd by me.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS IN HIGH LIFE.

THE report of our performances reached the neighbouring county, Westmeath, when Mr. Smyth, member for that county, was induced to write to me that he had fitted up a private theatre at his house, Drumcree, and would feel obliged if I would lend my aid to forward a play then in progress, the parts not quite filled; that if I brought my palette and colours, he could promise me some portraits, so that I should not be entirely idle. I answered compliance, and as soon as fitted for the road made my way to Drumcree. There I was received most kindly by Mr. Smyth and his accomplished daughter. They led me direct to the theatre, where I saw a crowd of fashionables debating upon stage matters. The theatre was fitted up with taste; the scenery painted by Miss Smyth, who was conversant in drawing, having been taught by my worthy friend, F. R. West.

When I found Miss Smyth had been a pupil of my friend West, I meditated surprising them with

an imitation of him. He had been expected from Dublin to assist in the scene-painting, but his not having come to appointment, was set down to his habitual desultory manner. So I availed myself of his non-appearance, and contrived one evening (when the gentlemen were warmly engaged in who should excel in story-telling, anecdote, joke, &c.) to get slyly out of the room, leaving the door a little open. I then quietly opened the hall-door, and, standing outside, spoke like West. "No, you need not give him water,—I have just got out of a river, where he would go at the risk of his own life and mine. Is this the way?—Very well,—thank you, I'll make it out." Mr. Smyth heard, was immediately out to the front, with a candle in his hand. He met me going in, and asked if I saw West. I said,—“No.” “He is come; you'll see him presently.” “Oh, I am glad he is come. I'll go to the stable-yard, backwards, and make him out.” So on I went, and, when outside the house, I began with West again:—“I must go back the way I came. Very well. I'll observe the turn; you need not come further,—I know my way now.” Mr. Smyth was after me in track; but here, again, I had to return. “Oh, he's gone round; we'll find him in the parlour.” So I ran for the parlour, and was addressing the company, when Mr. Smyth entered, and was surprised. His being an actor

prevented bad feeling. He complimented me: some might have been offended. I got off creditably.

Mr. Smyth regretted he had not a better part to offer me than Atticus. Had he heard sooner of our Kells' theatricals, he would have reserved a part more worthy of my acceptance. I told him I had been lately cloyed, surfeited, with first parts, and could repose in a quiet, easy character, —particularly as it forwarded his play, and gave him and his friends free scope for action and display of superior talents. He smiled, and said, "We must make you amends. Mr. Austin, here, is writing a prologue, and you shall deliver it." I thanked, bowed, and, after compliments mutually discharged, I set to work,—took on the regulation of the stage—held the prompt-book at rehearsal. The play, when perfect, seemed to promise well; but although the performers were persons of condition, the same little jealousies of each other's merits crept in, that infect the public stage; votaries who, as their bread may depend on it, may dread the power of superior endowments—nay, if possible, those high bred were more perfect in finesse and trick to mar each other than the hirelings practised in the art. However, the night of representation was announced, and a splendid audience assembled. At due time I made my

appearance with my bill of fare as master of the feast,* speaking before entrance:—

What! my friends arriv'd,—the company come,
 Are they assembled in the drawing-room?
 Thrice welcome all, now some few minutes stay,
 And chat awhile; then we'll begin the play.
 So, then, you're all invited to a treat,
 And with impatience keen you long to eat;
 Suppose, then, while within our cooks prepare,
 I should amuse you with a bill of fare.
 Ay, here it is, and plentiful, you see,—
 A feast of love laid out by mad Nat Lee.
 The cover'd tables, lo! its plenty hides,
 Top, bottom, middle, cross-ways, and the sides.
 First, here's Varanes; this is lover's food,—
 Delicious, various, exquisitely good.
 So highly season'd, put him to the proof,—
 Of him, you'll find, you'll never have enough.
 By his remove, you've Theodosius here,
 With milder sauce makes almost equal cheer.
 Here, in the middle, Atticus is plac'd,
 On either side by the fair vot'ries grac'd,
 And the light sweet things in each space between,
 Are priests, chorus, and attendance seen;—

* This prologue was written by the Reverend Mr. Austin, the much-esteemed preacher at the Magdalen Asylum. He had not been long married; and a handsomer pair could not be seen than he and his lady.

Here you have Athenais—'tis a dish so dress'd,
 That anchorites themselves would wish to taste ;
 Such high-wrought flavours, so well combin'd,
 Exalted dignity, by love refin'd,
 In such a shape, and so laid out, you'll see
 The very calapash of love and calapee.
 Here you've pulcheria, an imperial dish,
 As highly-season'd as your taste can wish ;
 Then dress'd so nice, and so provoking looks,
 When you've tasted, you must praise our cooks.
 Such is our bill of fare,—such our feast,
 Dainty enough to please the curious guest ;
 And we should surely charm you all to-night,
 Did you all come with equal appetite.
 Our country beauties, who spend all the year
 Far from the capitol, will like our cheer ;
 No dull satieties their joys impair,
 They relish all whose pleasures come but rare.
 The bell unfrequent, and the Christmas fare,
 Their appetites are sharp, their senses keen,
 Not like the city belle, a prey to spleen.
 Sick of all pleasure, squeamish, and oppress'd,
 She comes, not meaning to enjoy our feast.
 The fashion only she must needs obey,
 And therefore condescends to see our play.
 Critics we've none, because it were not fit
 To have the critics here without a pit.

Our seats are boxes—all a brilliant show,
 Where no ill-nature could presume to go;
 But should a critic there among you frown,
 Into this ugly pit do toss him down!*

But hark! I think I hear the second bell,—
Bon appetit, bon appetit, farewell!

The play would have gone off well had not Mr. Smyth been marred in his best scene, where Voranes is lying on the ground exhausted, expecting death to relieve him from rejected love; broken sentences, a low tone of voice, feeble and inactive, he dare not stir. A lady listening his woes, placed herself and her hoop petticoat between him and the audience, although *back* to the audience had been interdicted at rehearsals. The effect of this interesting scene was lost to the audience; the lady was the only distinct auditor, and her petticoat the target at which his spent arrows were directed.

When the curtain dropped and he was helped up, he really was affected with weakness, and with great anguish told me how he was over-reached by the petticoat. I excused the lady, from a tendency she had to turn her back on the audience at rehearsal; but he said "No, it was not

* A cross staircase, that appeared like an orchestra.

accidental. Why, my dress was opposite to my taste ; but I was argued and teased into it. I had a dress made by the dress-maker at the Theatre-Royal, Dublin, by Campbell, who made Barry's dresses ; it was French white satin, with slashes of imperial blue, gold trimmings, and spangles. This would have injured the cold colour of the lady's dress, so I was induced to have a dress made of crimson satin, blue sashes, and silver trimmings and spangles. It is fitter for a state trumpeter."

" Well, Sir, in your next play you must be more arbitrary."

" Oh ! I shall have no more plays. I had intended to have had another, where you could have been better amused with your part ; but I shall have my theatre taken to pieces ; I am disgusted, and shall make a sorry figure in George Philpot, in the farce."

" Oh ! I'll answer for you, Sir ; you'll rally when you get a fair field for action. Besides, you have a lady that will not play tricks ; she is a fine actress."

The play was cast thus :—

Voranes, Mr. Smyth ; Theodosius, the Rev. Mr. Brown ; Marcian, Mr. J. Tandy, of Johnsbrook ; Leontine, Sir Walter Synnott ; Atticus, J. D. Herbert ; Athenais, Lady Synnott ; Pul-

cheria, Mrs. Daniel; First Virgin, Mrs. Austin—she might well be called first, she had no equal; she was a model of beauty, and she sang to perfection.

The Farce of the Citizen.

Young Philpot, Mr. Smyth; Old Philpot, Col. Smyth; Young Wilding, Mr. J. Tandy; Beaufort, J. D. Herbert; Quilldrive, Sir W. Synnott; Maria, Miss Gregory; Corinna, Mrs. Daniel.

The farce went off admirably. Maria was a finished piece of acting, and George Philpot was pourtrayed well by Mr. Smyth. The old Philpot most naturally performed by Col. Smyth.

The next day I prepared for departure; returned to Kells, finished what I had begun, and took leave of my friend Keating.

Returned once more to Dublin, where I found my mother with undiminished zeal, but making little way; she was pleased to hear of my success and to see the fruits which I had gathered, about 200 guineas. I then took lodgings and began to paint. Mr. Smyth came to town and sat to me for a half-length; also three gentlemen, his friends, who had been at the play. After painting a dozen portraits, I resolved on a tour to Kilkenny, Limerick, and Cork. Mr. Smyth gave me a letter to the Rev. Mr. M'Cowan, his former tutor; he was then a rector in Kilkenny. The letter re-

requested Mr. M'Cowan to sit to me and send him the portrait, and to receive as a present his (Mr. Smyth's) half-length, which I had painted. For both pictures Mr. Smyth had paid me. My friend Keating procured letters from Sir Hugh O'Reilly, to whom he was agent: one to Mr. Butler, at the Castle, Kilkenny,—he was father to the present and late Marquises of Ormond; a letter also to Mr. Nash, of Limerick; and one to a Mr. Croker, in that county. Mrs. Trant gave me one to her sister, at Blarney Castle, Cork, Mrs. Jefferies.

With these passports I set out on my tour to Kilkenny. In the coach was a humourist, who amused us the entire of the journey; such characters are more frequently met with in Ireland than in any country I have yet travelled through. His name was Mallay. There was also a simple character, a Counsellor Shannon: he was of humble station at the bar, more renowned for blundering than for legal knowledge; the third, a man always ready to enjoy whatever joke Mallay promoted; and I made the fourth inside passenger. Mallay drew out the counsellor with telling some of his good sayings, but requested that Shannon would himself relate the one of Counsellor Whitestone. Shannon smiled consent, and began to relate. "I was retained in a cause of

great importance, and had produced three witnesses that went to prove my case very satisfactorily; but Whitestone got up and attempted to say, 'I had brought witnesses into court, but no evidence;' upon which I addressed his lordship on the slur thrown on my respectable witnesses, and said that if his lordship would give me time, 'I would bring a chain of evidence that would reach from the court to the Liffey.' On this Whitestone remarked, 'that all the water in the Liffey, with the Shannon to back it, would not wash my witnesses clear of perjury.' 'You think so, counsellor;' said I, 'why then, let me tell you, that all the water in the Shannon, with the Liffey to back it, would not wash a Whitestone into a Blackstone. Now, what do you think of that, Counsellor Whitestone?' Why, there was more laughing that day than ever I remember in the courts, for no one escaped; I thought they would never stop, said the poor counsellor." We laughed in the coach from the close of the story, until breakfast at Timolin changed our notes, as we remarked on entering the breakfast parlour, when poor simple Shannon said, "Gad! I have no note to change, I have only barely travelling charges."

The counsellor said he had no appetite,—he would not breakfast; however, he saw a large portion of good things, cold ham, roast beef, fine

fresh eggs, so that his resolution failed him, and he laid hold of an egg, calling to the waiter for toast.

“ There’s no toast.”

“ No toast, is it ?”

“ No, Sir ; you would not eat toast in July ?”

“ *You* lie ! you blackguard, this is August,” said the counsellor ; “ but July or August, get me some buttered toast to liquify these eggs,—I’ll niver be able to get enough down before he blows his horn. I think these eggs give me an appetite.”

The counsellor played his part well, and made a hearty meal. We then got on, and had the laugh and the joke until dinner ; here again the counsellor finessed,—he pretended he could not eat, yet we found he stole into the tap and got a few eggs and spinnage. Mallay put the waiter up to a joke to demand half-a-crown, and if objected to, to say he might have had the dinner that was prepared.

When paying, the counsellor asked what he had to pay ?

“ Half-a-crown.”

“ What, is it for two little eggs and a bit of spinnage ?”

“ Yes, sir ; that was an additional expense to us, for we dressed a full dinner for the coach ; it’s the rule of the house.”

"Well, sir, there's your money, and tell your master I'll have him in the King's Bench before he's three weeks older."

The waiter returned Mallay one-and-sixpence, which he pocketed, whilst poor Shannon fretted, fumed, and raged, by turns, for the exaction. Mallay, satiated with tormenting the poor man, gave him the one-and-sixpence, and told him he had advised the waiter to avert the evil of an attachment; the counsellor then got mightily pleased, and was quite happy. We invited him to sup with us at the Sheaf Inn, Kilkenny, that night, on our arrival, and promised him wild fowl and fine Burne oysters. He consented; and on our alighting from the carriage, Counsellor Curran, who was standing at the inn door, addressed Shannon.

"Counsellor Shannon, I am glad to see you. I hope you were successful last campaign in the north."

Shannon replied, "Oh, yes! a good deal of *crown* business."

Then Curran replied, "Ay, and *half-crown*, too, I'll be bound for it,—eh, counsellor!"

Shannon groaned, "Oh, spare my blushes, you witty devil!"

When we got into the parlour, Shannon remarked that Curran would ferret the devil out

of Pandemonium. "See! he has already discovered my half-crown adventure."

"Oh, ay!" we agreed he had; "he is a wonderful fellow!"

We appeared to join Shannon in opinion of Curran, knowing his simplicity, yet cunning to cover his practice of taking half-crowns rather than want. There are deeds requiring the name of a barrister, and some attorneys get poor distressed barmen to give their signatures, receiving a trifle. The attorney in his bill of cost charges a guinea, the least fee offered to a counsel. By this practice many attorneys increase their revenues, but it is never practised by any creditable man in the profession. We spent a jovial night at the Sheaf, after a supper that might have satisfied the highest feeder. The counsellor did honour to it, and we retired about two o'clock in the morning to our respective bed-rooms, with the cement of good fellowship seasoned with good living.

Next day I delivered Dr. M'Cowan his letter and picture, and fixed on his sitting; he introduced me to two friends, who came in to see him, the Rev. Archdeacon Helsham and Mr. P. Helsham, his brother; I painted them and some children. My letter to Mr. Butler I delivered in a few days; he received me with great courtesy, and regretted his family being in England. He took

me through the castle, shewing me every thing worthy of note ; and finding me inclined to dwell on the pictures, he said, " You seem to like the paintings ; stay and make your observations, or copies, if you like. At five dinner will be ready, and I shall be glad of your company." I bowed assent, and he left me in the gallery. I began a sketch in pencil of Lord Strafford's head, by Vandyke, and had not proceeded far, when a young man came in ; he took out his materials, and began to paint on a miniature of that head, which was nearly finished, and well executed ; this person was Comerford, who turned out to be the best miniature painter of his day, owing to his studies having been early made in that gallery. There are several fine Vandykes, Holbeins, and other famous works of old masters ; it is as good a school for a portrait-painter as can be found in any foreign country. I got into conversation with him, and found he was intelligent in his art, but very fastidious ; he also had some tincture of jealousy at my being asked to dinner ; " an honour," he said, " he had never enjoyed, though living in the town."

I remarked, " that he possessed a treasure superior—that gallery, and free access to it."

He admitted, but " grinned a ghastly smile."

I attended at dinner-time, and was made known

to six gentlemen who had come to dinner. The table was covered with costly plate and glass; the dinner of the best the season afforded; a servant nearly behind every man; what with removes, changing plates, &c. they seemed all as busily employed as the feeders, though the guests performed wonders. When the cloth was taken away, and the table changed to a horse shoe form near the fire, the flow of soul succeeded the feast of reason. Bumpers of claret and toasts, which then were fashionable, continued until nine o'clock. Mr. Butler, as we sat, had a full view of all our persons, and he said, "he had never seen such an assemblage of good legs," and asked my opinion as a painter, which agreed with his; (he was an admirer of good legs) he bid me point out my favourites.

I said it was difficult to say which deserved preference; that I thought Mr. Butler possessed an enviable pair—muscular, yet light—I thought a happy combination of form."

The company were not displeased, perceiving I was in a dilemma. This criticism highly tickled Mr. Butler, and he took care, on my going home, as he saw my legs failed me—(I had sense just to say, "You see, sir, I have not good legs!")—to send two stout footmen to leave me at my lodgings. They nearly carried me, for I had too much wine.

In a few days I had a second invitation to the castle, and made Comerford grin again. Under favour, I abstained from excess, and spent a pleasant day. We had singing, and I gave some Irish songs, which seemed to please. Nothing remarkable occurred, to be noted, in this party. I went on with my portraits, and made two acquaintances,—Mr. Thomas Ball, attorney, and Dr. Duffey, a physician; I retained their friendship through their whole lives. They were remarkable for two memorable events in their respective professional practice.

Mr. Ball had undertaken the suits of some poor tenants to obtain leases which Lord M'Garret was bound to give them by compact, which he tried to avoid, depending on their incapacity of proceeding against him. No attorney would undertake it for the tenants, and the poor fellows must have submitted to the loss of their farms, on which they had expended years of labour, and all the money they could raise. Lord M'Garret's violent temper and over-ruling disposition deterred every one from opposing him. Ball took up the cause of the tenantry, and gained a victory. Lord M'Garret, enraged, waved his privilege, and called Ball out. Ball met him; they fired two shots each, and Ball hit him each shot, while his lordship, through excitement, could not keep

a steady hand, and missed his mark, though considered an excellent shot. On Ball's second shot, his lordship said to the second, "He has hit me again—come, we'll leave the ground;" and he and his second walked off. This happened before the verdict, so that had Ball fallen the cause would have been lost. Ball's health was a universal toast, and his memory is still drank as an honest attorney, by all good men.

Dr. Duffey cured the late Duke of Devonshire of a complaint that had baffled the faculty. The Duke had visited his estate in Ireland at a time when the Kilkenny private theatricals were going on. The Duke was taken ill at the theatre, and Duffey being present, shewed his Grace to his house; there he had a return of his complaint, augmented by symptomatic fever. The doctor kept him six weeks in his house, cured him not only of the malignant fever, but radically cured him of his former complaint. The Duke, grateful for his recovery and the kind hospitality of the doctor, told him, to insure a visit from him to England, that he would not pay him his fee, until he had spent a couple of weeks at least with him at his country seat.

I saw Duffey in Dublin when he was going to visit the Duke; and I heard that he got one thousand guineas' fee. I thought these memor-

able occurrences worth recording, so have mentioned them here. Never had I two more sincere friends than those two characters; it is such men as these that make life less burthensome from the weight of the worthless and unfeeling, which are more easily met with than nonpareils.

Having finished my portraits, I took my departure for Limerick, and there delivered my letter to Mr. Nash; he received me most kindly, invited me to dinner the next day, and introduced me to his step-daughter, the celebrated Miss Jane Harold, who consented to sit, and the time was fixed; she was one of the greatest beauties in that quarter. When I finished her picture, some very fine subjects came, and I got into a line of beauty that carried me on swimmingly. I forwarded my letter to Mr. Croker, and he sent me an invitation to dinner, and said he would send a horse for me. I rode, accompanied by young Mr. Croker, six miles, which brought us to a view of the house and grounds, a retreat, indeed. The greatest haunch of venison I had ever seen was on the table that day, and a festive party; but I was not teased to drink, they were very well bred. I stopped another day, then returned. Young Croker was to be painted with his favourite horse. The perfections of that animal would require Sartorius, Gilpin, or Stubbs; there-

fore I evaded painting the horse, so much did I fear my want of knowledge would expose me to criticism. I painted about a dozen pictures, when I got satiated with Limerick,—I found it heavy and stupid.

An occurrence worthy of note happened. An organ, the first used in a Catholic chapel in that city, was put up, and the person engaged to perform had been taken ill on the day before it was to be played on. I was acquainted with a very able musician; but he was a Protestant. The prior of the convent, father Aylmer, called on me, and entreated I would exert my influence with Mr. Walsh, the name of the musician. I did so; and with great perseverance, assisted by his wife,* prevailed on him to perform; anything she advised he would do. He played the organ, and delighted the congregation. He continued to perform every Sunday, until the engaged organist recovered,—and he would not accept of payment. The priests invited us to dine with them at the convent,—and a more cheerful company I could not have desired; we had famous singing,—Walsh was vocally musical as well as instrumentally. There was a young man named Palmer, returned

* His wife was a beautiful creature;—had been his pupil, and consented to a runaway match. She was a baronet's daughter of the name of Crosby.

from his studies in London to Limerick, his native town. He had been copying Sir J. Reynolds, and others, and I saw his first effort on his return—a portrait of the Rev. Jaques Ingram, a very extraordinary large man, with ruddy countenance and strong character, exceedingly fat, not quite Falstaff. The picture was admirable. I required no more to convince me that Palmer would be a first-rate artist. I then saw a miniature of one of the beauties of Limerick. The miniature was equal to the oil picture. He was uncommonly clever. We used to have frequent discourses on painting, and he was a modest and liberal artist. He regretted my going away ; but I said it would be more creditable to go then than to be obliged to go for want of practice ; for that he would, and justly so, occupy all the sitters of that quarter. Poor fellow, he lived but two years after I saw him.

I left Limerick for Cork, and found the country so very interesting, I lingered to make sketches. I had about twelve miles to get to a town or village (Buttevent), where I meant to sleep that night, and asked a farmer what hour it was ?

“I can’t tell you,” said he, “until after dinner ; it’s now dinner-time,—so alight, and come in.”

“Thank you, sir,” said I ; “a joke is always welcome to me.”

“Oh, you mistake me.” Here, Dinnis, take that horse and put him in the stable. “Come, alight, sir.”

The man held the bridle, and I, still doubtingly, alighted. The horse was led to the stable, and I to the dinner, which was smoking on the table.

“That’s my wife, sir, Mrs. Dogherty; these are my daughters, and these my sons. Your name.”

I told him.

“Sit down, Mr. —”

There was a fine piece of hung beef, and a roast turkey, both prime, and the vegetables excellent,—home-brewed ale, and whisky punch. I found my worthy farmer a clever, off-handed man; his wife, a good-humoured, civil woman; the girls, ingenuous—nothing of that shy manner that sometimes you meet with; and the lads were all like the parents, obliging and civil. I could scarcely avoid laughing, when seated. However, my doubts were all cleared when I set to at a slice of the beef and greens. I never made a more hearty meal. I gleaned some knowledge of farming, by the discourse between the lads and their father. When we had drank enough of the potteen, he took me a little way, and showed me his garden, which was well cropped. The girls had spots cultivated with flowers; and they seemed all to

have had a hand in keeping it in order. He then pointed out his best fields, and told me what they promised to yield ; but, in speaking of the tithe, the poor fellow winced, and wished it was paid in some other way. On returning to the house, I asked for my horse.

“ Oh, your horse was tired, you need not disturb him ; let him feed. In the morning you shall remount ; you could not reach the town until long after dusk, and it would be as much as your life would be worth to be in that neighbourhood at night. We have a spare bed, which we keep for a friend dropping in, and it’s no additional expense to me,—so make yourself easy this night.”

I was beginning an oration.

“ Stop, you need not say a word on that subject,—go you shall not ; I know the country ; you do not.”

“ Well,” said I, “ often has it been told me of this kind hospitality, but I always thought it confined to the poor cottager.”

“ Oh ! God forbid that we should be worse than the poor. No, you’ll not want breakfast or dinner from this to Cork, or a bed ; only you must go in the way of it ; for I should have let you pass, if I had not speech with you, and found you were a stranger.”

“ That’s enough.”

“Now, make yourself easy.”

So I sat down, and tea was made—a hot cake ; and, after tea, I took out my sketch-book, and showed what I had been doing. They named the places. The farmer was greatly tickled with them,—thought it strange that mere lines should resemble the country. He said to his son—“Tom, bring your little pictures, and show them to the gentleman.” He brought them ;—houses painted with brick-dust, and men with rose pink cheeks and fine clothes. I said they were very good first attempts. I took a pencil, and made a sketch from one of his houses and men as it ought to be, and tinted it, showing him the manner of subduing colour, and the value of half-tint. The boy was very quick : he took paper and did everything he saw me do. I then made a sketch of the farmer. To their great satisfaction it happened to be very like him ; so I handled in some shadows, and hinted at the shoulders, and bid them put it under glass. The farmer asked me if I played backgammon. I answered, a little. He produced tables, and we played half-a-dozen games. When supper was served, some had flummery and milk, some griddle bread and milk, and I took a potatoe and bit of fresh butter ; then a small glass of ale, and, after a tumbler of punch, the farmer asked another. I begged he would excuse me, but take

one himself. He was civilized ; he neither teased me, nor took another. We retired to bed.

The next morning I was down stairs at seven o'clock. My host and two sons were out at field-work ; the wife preparing breakfast ; the daughters assisting at the churning—a fine exercise for young females in the morning, however ladies may deride it, and those young ones lose their blushing honours creditably, in my esteem ; for, though an admirer of dress, I was fond of occupation. The youngest son was employed at the lessons I gave him, and an apt scholar he was. I gave him further instructions, as to the use of colours, and tinted a sketch before him. Never did I behold such a marked attention as he exhibited ; he literally swallowed my words ! When the farmer and sons came in, he came to inquire how I rested, and with an honest face showed his gratitude for my advice to his young son. We sat down to a breakfast, refreshing to look at, such nice butter and eggs—honey all so fresh, and we had good health, spirits, and appetite, and did honour to the repast. After breakfast we talked a little about the boy drawing. I said I should not wonder if he became eminent ; he seemed to enter into the practice so fully. My horse being ready, I took leave of my kind friends ; but the farmer and three sons insisted upon walking with

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me, and a man led my horse for about a mile, until I got into the high road. The fact was, I had strayed out of it, down a private road, which led to the farmer's house, and a few more neighbours of his; and that was what truly informed him I was a stranger, on our first interview.

When got to the road, I bid good-bye to my worthy friend and his sons;—took my time in approaching Buttevent, and was induced to stop to view the wonder of wonders there,—the countless number of human bones and skulls. It must be a waking dream, begun in barbarous times, and not yet ended, that permits this assemblage to remain a public spectacle. How can it be reconcilable to the feelings of Christians, to behold *that* which we would condemn in any nation, *unless inhabited by savage tribes*, for, if the charges of burial were to be paid, how soon the bones would disappear? Oh, mammon! thou art worshipped! though we hear lessons read, and sermons preached, no notice has been taken of this monument of mortality. The poor are its only guardians. To carry away any of this pile would be a service of danger. Some people attempted the act, and narrowly escaped death. Now visitors are warned on approaching the walls of skulls and pyramids of bones. The time,

since I saw this shameful exhibition last, is six-and-thirty years: whether any means have been used to cover them since or not, I cannot say; but so much did the sight affect me, I could not travel for a couple of days; nor could I now record my journey without this prosaic attack on my reader.

PATRONAGE SLIGHTED.

WHEN I arrived at Cork, I waited on Mrs. Jefferies, with a letter of introduction from Mrs. Trant. Those ladies were sisters of Lord Clare, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Having read the letter, she asked me if I had any works to shew? I told her I had; but that one picture of a person, well known in Cork, would prove more effective than twenty strangers. She agreed with me, and said the best plan to be adopted would be, that I should come to her to Blarney Castle, and paint a few pictures, such as she would point out to me; then she could with more certainty promise me sitters, as she could recommend me from her own knowledge. This invitation was too flattering to trifle with; I therefore returned my best thanks, and said I should be ready to attend her orders. She replied, I might come on the next day, as she was then preparing to go there. I accordingly waited on her, and was greatly struck with the antique character of the building, and the magnificent surrounding

scenery : these points have been so well described by travellers, that any display of mine must prove a trespass on my reader.

Mrs. Jefferies gave me welcome in an easy and agreeable manner, without losing that dignified air which gave her a pre-eminence above her sex. She was a fine, tall, commanding figure, with a stern aspect. She took me through the castle and shewed me the paintings, which, she remarked, were my chief objects. A whole-length portrait of Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, occupies much space, and exhibits that eccentric monarch in a truly grotesque manner. It appears to be an original picture, but not by any master of note: the costume agrees with the description given by historians — perfectly characteristic. A portrait in crayons, of the Duchess of Rutland, by Stoker: that beautiful head formed an excellent contrast to grim Charles. Miss Jefferies now joined us in the gallery. I was doubly delighted when her mother said,—“ Here is one of the subjects I intend for your pencil.” She was a perfect model for a painter. “ And here is another,” looking towards Captain Menzies, who had just entered. This gentleman was residing at the castle, awaiting the termination of a law-suit, which Mrs. Jefferies had undertaken for him, contrary to the opinions of three first-rate counsellors,—one, her own

brother. She was ultimately successful, and the captain was put into possession of his estate, which he had been most unjustly deprived of for some years before.

This was not the only cause she gained. She recovered the estate and title of Lord Cahir. Several acts of this kind proved her a person of the most superior skill and ability.

Dinner announced, the gallery was soon cleared, and we found Mrs. Menzies waiting in the dining-parlour. The party consisted of five—Mrs. and Miss Jefferies, Captain and Mrs. Menzies, and the painter. Mrs. Jefferies graced her table, and kept up the spirit of conversation, though she had but a limited number of guests. The cloth removed, the subject turned on the drama. Mr. Pope, who had been practising as a portrait-painter, had just gone to Covent Garden, as an actor ;—had appeared in *Othello*, and met with universal approbation. He had also married Miss Young, that celebrated actress, with 20,000*l*. Mrs. Jefferies remarked,—that I must exert myself, and try to make an impression, for *he* had been a great favourite in Cork, and was allowed to have been an excellent artist. She observed, I had one thing greatly in my favour,—my painting in oils : he had been a crayon and miniature painter. She asked me, had I any dramatic turn.

I answered, I was fond of the drama, and had perormed in private.

“ Oh, I am glad of that ; you shall read a play for us,—mind, after tea you commence, a-la-Foote.”

Accordingly, I read the play, and it was attended to, and approved of ; so that I was frequently requested to read of an evening during my stay at the castle. I commenced three pictures—Miss Jefferies, and copies of Charles the Twelfth and the Duchess of Rutland. Whilst I was actively employed in getting my work forward, I saw three dragoon officers approach the castle ; those were Captain Jefferies, son to the lady of the mansion ; Captain Matthew, since Earl of Landaffe ; and Captain Grey, an English gentleman. Their regiment was quartered in Cork, and I reckoned upon getting them to sit, but I was disappointed. They had come to shoot game and play billiards, and to these favourite amusements they would have proved martyrs, had not the love for good dinners and deep stoops of wine diverted them between the acts. They also occupied a little time in dress. They certainly were fine young fellows, and deserved to be well dressed. Captain Grey stayed at home a few days, and he had the curiosity to see what I was doing ;—excused himself for intruding. I replied, he did me ho-

nour. He stayed a couple of hours with me, conversing on painting, and of the London artists ; many of whom he was acquainted with. Any day that he remained at home, he did not fail to spend some time with me ; and he would have sat to me, but the regiment he belonged to was leaving Cork in a few days. The other two gentlemen soldiers never encroached on my premises, nor deigned to look at a picture. When I had finished my portraits, I asked Mrs. Jefferies to sit ; but she declined, saying she found, by experience, she was not a good subject for a picture, and she said I had quite enough in what I had done. She advised me to provide lodgings on the Parade, and, when settled, to let her know, and she would charge herself to supply me with sitters.

I therefore returned to Cork, and took handsome apartments on the Grand Parade. My worthy patroness was true to her word. She brought me Mr. Kellet, the banker ; then counsellor Chatterton and his lady : in fine, I was completely in for a succession of sitters, and had as much practice as I could desire. She then introduced me to a company of amateur gentlemen actors, stipulating for my performing the best part. She told me privately she wished to see me act ;—that, if she liked my performance, she could get me a London engagement ; and that

the stage was a more certain and more profitable pursuit than painting. I played Castalio, Beverly, Jaffier, Oroonoko, Petruccio, G. Philpot. She approved of my performances, and said she would go to London and procure me the promised engagement. This was kept a secret; for, as she remarked, talking might prove an impediment. Our plays were performed at the public theatre, and for the benefit of respectable widows. Three were enriched by our exertions: and also Miss Atkins, an amiable young lady, who acted the heroines for us. She had made the stage her pursuit to support her aged parents and family. There were some remarkable persons amongst the actors:—Mr. Hayes, afterwards Sir Henry Hayes; Mr. Nicholson, who became Major Nicholson: he was a great humourist, then called Joe Nicholson; a Mr. Pack, a portrait-painter; and Mr. Knowles, an elocutionist, father of the famed Sheridan Knowles. He is still living, and is now in London. He has brought out a Pronouncing Dictionary, on an improved but more simple plan than his predecessor and relative, Sheridan, or Walker. I trust the old gentleman will be remunerated for his unparalleled and persevering spirit in getting up a work so useful as this has been found.

Mr. Hayes gave us splendid dinners at his

country villa, which was a "world to see," the most perfect piece of ingenious design and workmanship for elegant and comfortable retirement that can be seen in any quarter of the kingdom; many curious pranks were played at these dinners, which may find way in another part of this work. I can no longer digress from my account of Mrs. Jefferies' patronage. She went to London agreeably to her promise, and obtained a situation for me in the first line at Drury Lane. She wrote to me to avail myself of it by coming directly to London, and that she would wait there until she saw me come out. I answered her kind letter, and prepared for London. I set off, *via* Dublin, to honour the pledge I had given my kind patroness. Notwithstanding I had been silent on the subject, my mother had learned what business drew me then to London; how she had acquired the knowledge I could not conceive, unless it was through Mrs. Trant, who corresponded with her sister, and had been inquiring about me, to oblige my mother, and Mrs. Jefferies might not have been aware that danger lay in that quarter: suffice it to say, the most cunning device was played on me. A priest, for whom I had a great regard from my knowledge of his goodness of heart, addressed me thus:—
"That my mother was suffering under great

affliction of mind on account of the step I was about to take in going on the stage, and she having procured the letter of introduction from Mrs. Trant, in my favour, to her sister Mrs. Jefferies, she felt herself implicated in the event; that it would injure her and her children, and affix a stigma not to be effaced; she, therefore, had resolved to make me an offer, that she was certain my good sense would induce me to accept of, which was, to give me up her house of trade, with the stock and furniture as it stood, at a fair valuation, and allow me sufficient time to pay for the same by instalments." Here, he observed, was a certainty in a respectable trade, the other a doubtful and precarious pursuit in a degraded and idle calling; that Mrs. Jefferies, no doubt, would approve of my preferring that which would gratify my parent, and insure me a certain and profitable occupation, which was her view, at the best, in procuring me the situation in London.

I considered the subject, and accepted my mother's proposal. I wrote to Mrs. Jefferies how I had been assailed, and trusting in her goodness of heart that she would excuse me in giving this preference to a lucrative trade to the doubtful issue of a stage life. I got no answer from her, and she never took notice of me after.— Thus did I lose a patroness of the highest class

in society, and of the most spirited and generous disposition, which she used in promoting the interest of those to whom she promised support.

I remained in business five years, but not having capital sufficient to enable me to compete with others in the trade, yet finding my mother anxious to return to it, as she thought my improvements would make the house work like a machine, I gave it back to her, though I suffered considerable losses by the retirement. I then went to Bath, to try and get myself into notice as a painter. Miss Jefferies, who was then Lady Cahir, was residing in Bath; I waited on her with a specimen of my pencil, in a new manner, —small whole lengths in water-colours, finished with black lead pencil. She approved of the style; and said, she was sitting to a Mr. Bell, who had painted every one, or rather sketched them in pencil, without colour. She bid me go to Bell's, and look at her sketch, and report accordingly.

I did so. I knocked at his door, and whilst I waited for the opening, a very singular and repulsive-looking man came up the steps and brushed by me, and attempted to shut the door in my face; when he had entered, I pushed open the door, saying, "I wished to see Mr. Bell."

"My name is Bell," said he.

"Then, sir, I should be glad to see your sketches."

"Your name, sir."

"Is it necessary to give my name to look at your sketches?"

"Yes ; I wish to know to whom I show them."

I then told him my name.

"Ha! then I never show my drawings to artists."

"Don't you, sir?"

"No."

"If your sketches are as rude as your manners, it may be a mark of your prudence, Mr. Bell ; so good morning to you."

He banged the door, and I walked away ; and happening to meet Mr. Meyler, the proprietor of the Bath Chronicle, he laughed heartily on my recital, and on the next day it was in his paper : trifling as that occurrence was, it brought some curious persons to my room, and I got some portraits to paint by it.

In some months after, Mr. Bell called upon me, saying, "Better late than never, I come to apologise for my rudeness, Mr. Herbert. The truth is, I was extremely ill at the time, and had been badly used by speculative artists, to whom I had been kind. I have since learned your character,

and if you can forget my barbarism, I should wish to cultivate an acquaintance with you."

"Here is my hand, Mr. Bell. I can say I have heard your character, and shall be proud to know you better."

So we frequently met after, and a worthier man I never knew. He continued complaining, and died about six months after.

HYPOCHONDRIA CURED BY FRIGHT.

I WAS at an early period of my life attacked with Erysipelas in my face and breast, from lying on the water and without motion, for fifteen minutes ; it was for a foolish wager, which I won, but was near losing my life. I was confined for a long time, and must have sunk under low spirits, privation of exercise, &c., had not some kind friend occasionally called in, and entertained me with gossip, news, or some wonderful adventure of their own or others. Amongst those choice friends, F. R. West was foremost : no day passed without a visit from him, which he termed calling up. One day I bewailed my low spirits.

“ Oh !” said he, “ your illness could not be compared to mine.”

“ What was your complaint ?”

“ Oh ! a shooting pain in my head, that continued down the back to the loins, attended with weakness and great melancholy. I was so abstracted in mind from the shooting pain, too, that I often drew, instead of one, a couple of noses and an extra mouth or chin. One day or morning, call-

ing to see Jemmy Ford, the engraver, I was groaning and moaning with those pains, when Ford asked me, 'what ailed me?' I described; and he said, 'it was all vapours, fancy, and so on.' 'Well,' said I, 'there's father Mulhall, he says it is a dorsal consumption.' 'He says!' replied Ford, 'let him say his prayers,—he knows nothing of disorders; let him stick to his text.' 'Ay,' said I, 'that is eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow you die. Ah! indeed he adheres to that maxim: it would be more creditable for a clergyman if it was religious or moral; but he says he had intended to become a medical man, and had studied, when he first went to France, for that purpose.' 'What made him change?' 'Why, good living: all clergymen look for that, and he gets it most amply; doubtless, he is a great gourmand. 'What does M'Loughlin say?' 'He laughs at me, and hands me a pinch of snuff.' 'Well, I'd recommend you to go to Dr. Dease; at his house, at this hour, you may, for half-a-guinea, get his opinion; go, set off, and let me know, on your return, what he says.' 'Es, es; I'll go, the first half-guinea I have to spare.' 'You have no time to spare, here is half-a-guinea, pay me when you can; now, I insist on your going.' 'I don't know where he lives.' 'Turn to the left when you get out of this house, and go along

the quays, until you come to Usher's Quay ; you'll see a label with Mr. Dease. Away ! go ! it's within a couple of houses of Dirty Lane.'

" Away I went, and when near Dirty Lane I looked round. I read Mr. Dease very plain on a label. I knocked. ' Can I see Mr. Dease ?'

" ' He is not at home,' was the answer.

" ' When do you expect him in ?'

" ' About a quarter of an hour.'

" ' Very well, I'll call again.'

" I then passed Dirty Lane, and walked on towards Bloody Bridge, reflecting on the singular names of the lane and bridge, but I found they were not misnamed. When I came to Moira House, I stopped to admire the stupendous gateway : it had a fine antique character, and a portal in the Doric order, but evidently yielding to the teeth of time. I looked in, and the porter popped his head out of his box, and I ran away."

" Why did you run ?"

" He was such a huge monster, I was not prepared for such a sight : he was seven feet four inches high, and large withal, his head over large for the proportion of his immense figure. I got to Bloody Bridge, and there was I gratified with the beautiful prospect up the Liffey, Island Bridge, and all the country. It forms as picturesque a view as fancy could desire. Here I was

attacked by a drove of cattle going to Smithfield. They were so battered with long travel and the sticks of the drivers, it was as much as I could do to keep my ground: had they only touched me with their horns, I must have been sent into the Liffey, the battlements were so low. When I escaped the horned cattle I was a little less terrified, but still more disgusted at the inhumanity of the drivers to poor over-driven sheep, one of which lagged so much, the ruffian driver gave him such a stroke on the leg with a stick, an inch thick, he broke the lower joint of the right hind leg, and then laughed to see how much better the animal sped on three legs. I put up my prayers on the instant, that Providence would protect the innocent sheep, and punish the wolf.

“ Hurrying away to avoid the bludgeon of that merciless villain, I returned by the way I came, reflecting on the laxity of our civil power, and regretting we had not the virtue of the Romans to have true and efficient conservators. In that case no unnecessary cruelty to animals would be tolerated, for we, having christianity to base our actions, should be able to outdo the ancients, who were Pagans. I lamented that I had no civic freedom; being a Papist, I was a mere helot by the law. If I had power, I would use it, and it should be to amend, not debase, the character of

man. On this moment's reflection appeared my Lord Moira's porter at the gate ; I saw him then perfectly. He was dressed in the costume of the old English battle-axe guard, called Beef-eaters, or Life Guardsmen ; certainly, *beef eating*, to guard life, is not a very unpleasant task.

“ He asked me why I ran away ?

“ I said I feared I had intruded.

“ ‘ By no means, come in when you please ; arn't you Mr. West ?

“ ‘ I felt my cheeks glow, for to be known by a giant, alarmed me,—I answered ‘ yes ;’ and asked how he knew me ?

“ ‘ Don't you remember, I was once talking to you about sitting for artists,—Big Sam ; I was a soldier then.’

“ ‘ Oh ! I recollect you ; this dress alters your character so much, I did not recognise you.’

“ ‘ No—you are mistaken, no dress can alter my character ; but come when you please and see the house. I perceive you are anxious now to go.’

“ Doubtless, I was ; so I said, ‘ I'll call some other time. Good morning, thank you ; good by.’

“ Then I returned to Mr. Dease's house—knocked—‘ Is Mr. Dease within ?

“ ‘ He is at breakfast, sir.’

"I went again on a tour of reflection, and wondered a medical man should be at breakfast; not but I would have him eat, but his patients should not be impeded in visiting him, nor should they be told that he ate or drank. That breakfast might have cost him the price of twenty breakfasts, had I been violent under such disappointments; however, I was truly patient, and returned,—knocked—'Can I see Mr. Dease?'"

"'If you'll go to his office you can.'"

"'Where is the office?'"

"'The first gateway in Dirty Lane, on the left hand.'"

"I went round this Dirty Lane, and into the gateway. Office, in large letters, at least a foot long, stared me in the face; I kept my eyes fixed with wonder, as I approached, at what office a doctor should want, unless an office for the dead; and, while I was engaged thus, I felt myself seized by an immense dog. The involuntary effort of extrication from his tusks threw off my hat, which he fastened on, and I got beyond his chain. I had on a great-coat buttoned close, so that the dog had enough of cloth to fill his mouth in the skirts of my coats, and thus was I saved from his furious seizure. I went into the office, and saw an old man at a large book writing; he put back his spectacles on his forehead, to see me more per-

fectly, which convinced me that they are often used when not required.

“ ‘What do you want?’ said he, surly enough.

“ ‘I want Mr. Dease.’

“ ‘He is in his office; turn to the left, and go up the vaulted passage, and you’ll find him.’

“ ‘Perhaps, sir, you could help me to my hat.’

“ ‘Where is it?’

“ ‘Your dog has it.’

“ ‘How so?’

“ ‘He seized me, my hat fell off; he then, letting me go, laid hold of my hat.’

“ ‘Ha! that’s a bad job. Why did you go within his chain?’

“ ‘I did not see him, I looked to the office only.’

“ The man rang a bell, ‘George,’ said he, to a servant, ‘get this gentleman’s hat from Lion.’ The man returned with the hat like a riddle. ‘This is very shameful; either shorten his chain this moment, or place him farther back. Your hat is ruined, and it was not a bad hat.’

“ ‘It was new; I gave Billy Jewster a guinea for it last week.’

“ ‘Well, it can’t be helped now.’

“ I then went as he directed me, and, perceiving a light at the end of this vaulted way, I made for it, but was obstructed by something which I

tumbled over, and came down with my hands foremost into a box, where I felt something moist and clammy. This I took for a coffin, with a subject, perhaps, putrid. I took out my handkerchief, and was filled with horror whilst I cleansed the filth from my hands, and dropped the handkerchief; then hurried on to the light. I came to a small door, half open, and heard a voice like thunder crying out who's there?—Come in. I entered, and saw a man, who asked me who I was?

“ I answered promptly, Francis Robert West.

“ ‘What do you want,—to speak to Mr. Dease? Speak away, then,—I am Mr. Dease. What's your business—a tailor?’

“ ‘No, sir, I am drawing-master to the Dublin Society.’

“ ‘*Drawing*-master—Dublin Society;—drawing the shuttle. Oh, you're a weaver.’

“ ‘No, sir, drawing the human figure.’

“ ‘What devil has drawn your human figure here.’

“ ‘I wish to consult you on the state of my health.’

“ ‘Your health!’

“ ‘Yes, sir, I have a shooting pain in my head, which runs down to my back.’

“ ‘Stop,—run no further. Your name.’

“ ‘*West*, I answered.’

“ ‘Where’s your disease?’

“ ‘In my head.’

“ ‘Then, my advice is, that you take to your heels, for if you don’t I’ll kick you into the Liffey.’

“ I saw him getting very angry, and I was turning out ; for, though I heard he was blunt, I had no idea of rage and fury. He called to me,—

“ ‘Who sent you to me, with your human figure?’

“ ‘Jemmy Ford.’

“ ‘What Ford?’

“ ‘The engraver on Essex Quay.’

“ ‘I wish I had him here ; I’d engrave on his face a lasting impression;—go along.’

“ I was making to the back door of the house, through which I saw the Quay, to avoid the coffin ; but he beckoned to me to go back as I came,—damning my human figure, Mr. Ford, and the Dublin Society. I made the best of my way, picking my steps, when near the coffin, and got past without a second tumble. When I came within sight of the dog, the roar he set up was beyond belief. The old man heard him, came out, and held him struggling and foaming to get at me, and I running, looking back, knocked against the gate-frame, and was staggered to the other side. My hat off ; again I picked it up, carried

it off, and made the best of my way back to Ford. Before he would hear me, I was obliged to sit down to breakfast; and we then conversed between the cup and the lip; his eyes, at times, I thought, would drop into the cup; though they were more like saucer eyes. A friend came in, and joined us; and he, hearing the story, even in an advanced stage, was obliged to rise, and spurted the tea into the fire, he was so tickled with suppressing his laugh. When I had finished, Ford went to order his shaving things, to go and call Dease to an account for his language, and threat against him. The friend then interposed, and said:—spare yourself the trouble; Mr. West has been with Pat Dease, the merchant, and has not yet seen the doctor. They are next-door neighbours;—their labels alike, and mistakes happen frequently; they have not taken the simple means of adding their pursuits to their names. Wags have sent persons purposely to annoy the merchant, and he has kicked some out. Ford took such a fit of laughing, I thought he ran a risk of breaking a blood-vessel. His servant brought him things to shave.

“ ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘I dare not handle a razor in this ferment. Come, West, we’ll finish the business, and go to the doctor.’ ”

“ So I went with him, and saw Surgeon Dease,

who laughed immoderately at my tale ; then asked me if I felt the usual pain at the back, or in my head.

“ I answered, no.

“ ‘ No,’ says Dease ; ‘ you have got electrified ; the dog and his master have cured you. This won’t do : if I lose my patients thus, I must add surgeon to my name on the door-plate. So, Mr. West, you may rest secure. I’ll insure you from pains and penalties.’

“ ‘ Then you won’t write.’

“ ‘ Oh, yes, I will—there.—He wrote a pill.

“ ‘ Now, when you are going to take this, you may, if you choose, throw it into the fire instead of your mouth ; but if you delight in pills, take it.”

“ ‘ Why,’ said I, ‘ that’s like Swift’s receipt for dressing a cucumber.’

“ ‘ Exactly so,’ said he : ‘ put up your money ; I have done nothing for you ; nor do you require it. Good morning : I am going to see the really afflicted.’ ”

Thus ended the story of Dease ; and I felt it so strongly, when I heard it, I wished to give my reader a chance of being amused, as far as my description may enable.

THE HUMOURIST.

FOR the last hundred years no such humourist as James Hudson, of Cork, has been known.—He was the only son of a wealthy tobacconist, and his father, anxious to have him well educated, yet without the risk of sending him to school, had the first tutors to attend him. His improvement under their care was so considerable, that he could vie with any classical scholar; to the dead languages were added French, Spanish, Italian, and German; he had also a taste for poetry and music; he wrote songs admirably, and sung them with great effect; in fine, he was a genius of the first order, and had a turn for mimicry and personification, unique and unparalleled, but frolic and whim predominated, so that practical joking with him became the order of the day.

As he grew up, he became so entertaining in company, that his parents lost the power of keeping him at home, and he contracted a habit, which too late they found it impossible to cure. This was a contempt for domestic life, and a love for

social converse, which gradually led him into scenes the most eccentric and inconceivable. Too late they tried coercive measures; every attempt of theirs failed; his father limited him in pocket money; this he met by borrowing, and had he been of age, he might have ruined himself by post-obit supplies. His father then tried to enforce a law for early hours, and told him, that unless he came home at eleven o'clock, he might go where he pleased.

One night that he was out until two o'clock, he knocked so repeatedly at the door, his mother opened a window, asking, "Who was there?"

"'Tis I, ma'am," said Jemmy.

"Oh! you unfortunate boy, why will you vex your father thus! He won't give the key."

"Then, what am I to do? He won't give me money, and am I to walk the streets all night. I might go to the hotel, but have not means to pay for a bed."

"Oh! the Lord mend you! there is half-a-crown."

"Ah! why did you not tell me in time, it has gone down into the area."

She then threw down another, and with a groan shut down the window. Jemmy picked up the two half-crowns, and rejoined his companions.

Soon after this occurrence, he was at a party,

with his father and mother, at a friend's house, where he knew they would be induced to stay to a late hour. He slipped away unperceived, got home, and sent the servants to bed. At one o'clock a knocking awakened him, and after some time he opened the window. "Who's there," he cried out?

"Don't you know; it's your father and mother."

"*My* father and mother! I know no such thing. *My* father and mother are in bed; if you knew *my* father, you should know he does not permit any one to enter this house after eleven,—he has locked me out after that hour; go your way; if you make any more noise, I'll call the watch, and send you to sleep in the watch-house." With these words he shut the window, and they had to sleep at the hotel.

His next practical joke was played upon his mother. On a particular Sunday that she wished to have his company at home, she had locked up his linen, thinking it would prevent his going out. He got a chair and placed on it a small washing-tub, then stripped himself of coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and began to wash his shirt in the hall, leaving the street-door open. The time of action he chose, was when the street was filled with people returning from prayers. Two discreet ladies, friends of his mother, getting a glimpse of the

scene, went into the hall, and holding up their prayer-books to their eyes to guard them from the indelicate prospect, asked him, " what he was doing ?"

" Washing my shirt ; my mother has locked up my linen, and I can't go to dinner without clean linen."

They shut the street-door, went to his mother, at the same time intreating of her to take all away, and they would procure his linen for him. His mother threw a dozen shirts on the floor in vexation, and left the room. These jokes stopped his parents from contending more with him: they found it was all in vain.

Hudson, gradually freeing himself from the dominion of his parents, wanted nothing now but the supplies, to enable him to pursue his favourite whim of contriving matter to excite laughter. His father kept him to the limited sum, and he found his credit fail with his friends, as he had not been able to discharge the debts contracted by the loans he had been furnished with. He therefore applied himself to the study of raising the finances ; and by attending gentlemen on elections he became so useful, that to have him on your side would nearly insure a return ; and he not being of any party, but considering Whig and Tory alike venal, as it suited their purposes, he

was free to choose, and was faithful to the side for which he was engaged.

The variety of tricks and schemes he adopted and played off, independent of squibs, crackers, speeches, satirical and humorous, songs, &c., were so numerous and vile, that I could not venture to transcribe them. I lament that so much of that pernicious system is practised, even in these our virtuous days of reform. Where an unbiassed free election ought to be our pride and boast, how are we disgusted at reading the accounts of our modern contested elections.

Hudson, at one time pressed for money, wrote a song on an election then going forward in Cork; and prevailed on a friend to accompany him, both disguised as ballad-singers, to sing this humorous lilt in the streets; and such an impression did it make upon the auditors, that their stock of ballads was soon exhausted. They were purchased at sixpence each; fifty shillings were raised:—thus had they a nice supper, and the next day a dinner and wine, the enjoyment of it having been procured in such a singular manner.

His next prank was played on a *bad* fellow, who gave dinners for interested motives *only*. Hudson disguised himself in the tattered garb of a basket-carrier, in a meat market. He came full in the view of this person, who was purchasing

food for a party he was about to give. He selected Hudson, saying,—“ That fellow, with the patch on his eye, is strong, I shall have a full basket. Here, my good fellow, take these things ; do you know me ? ”

“ Oh ! yes, sir ; you are Mr. — in the South Main Street.”

“ Right ; take care now, and don’t lose any.”

“ Oh ! that you may depend on.”

The purchaser took him to other parts of the market until he was fully laden, and then despatched him, having paid him his fare, and with a message to the servant, sent him off.”

Hudson brought this booty to a house of rendezvous, where he had engaged a party to dine. The dinner excited the company so much, it was lamented that wine was so expensive, yet so necessary to follow good feeding. They asked Hudson, could he devise no plan of getting a good stoop of wine. “ Yes ; but you must work,” said he, “ for the next grub.” Then he formed a club, of which the present company were to be considered members. It was to be called *The Scufflers*, and each man promised to do his best in obtaining booty from bad fellows. Hudson promised them good claret for the next dinner ; and his plan of providing was the following :—

He wrote a note in the name of a Mr. B—,

a gentleman of large fortune, living in the vicinity. This note was directed to a woollen-draper, Mr. S——, who lived in the main street in Cork: it ran thus:—Mr. B—— presents his respects to Mr. S——, requesting a favour at his hands, which he trusts will not be refused him. Mrs. B—— has been ill after a bad confinement, and the physicians have ordered her old claret. Now, though Mr. B—— has excellent claret in his cellar, it is not old. If Mr. S—— would be so good as to oblige Mr. B—— with a hamper of his old wine, he will gladly remunerate him either with money or exchange of any wine in his possession. He has some excellent old Madeira and other expensive wines; but if Mr. S—— should prefer being paid in money, Mr. B—— will send the sum previous to the delivery of the wine, should Mr. S—— require it.”

This note was delivered by one of the gang, who was provided with a livery coat of Mr. B——, which Hudson had seen at an old clothes' shop, when he was purchasing some of his disguises. Hudson was dressed as a cleave porter, and was waiting near the woollen-draper's by appointment. Mr. S—— was delighted with the note: he saw the livery of a gentleman, for whose custom he had long wished, as he kept a number of servants; he reckoned now upon his interest, and said,

"You shall have the wine, if you bring a cleave porter: you'll find one at the Exchange, just across the away." The servant went out and returned with Hudson, who packed the wine with great care. Then the servant asked if there was any answer to the note. "Why," said Mr. S——, "this cleave is a good answer; tell Mr. B—— he may pay me when and how he pleases, that I am proud of the pleasure of obliging him."

The wine was taken to the club, and the porter drew the first cork, and pronounced it excellent. Mr. S——, finding no return in any way, observed Mr. B—— one day walking in the Exchange; he got his hat, crossed the way, and walked up and down, so that Mr. B—— saw him frequently, but not having taken any notice of him, S—— touched his hat.

Then B—— said, "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Oh! nothing, sir; I only wished to know if the wine I sent you agreed with Mrs. B——."

"The wine you sent! what wine?"

"The claret."

"What claret?"

"The old claret, sir."

"What do you mean? are you well in your health?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, sir."

"Not affected in the head?"

"No, thank God!"

"Damn'd impertinent! do you know that you deserve a horsewhipping."

"A horsewhipping! a bad return for good wine."

"I have asked you before what you mean; I insist on knowing?"

"Why, sir," then opening a pocket-book, taking out the note, and with a hand shaking partly with rage, and partly with fear, he handed it to Mr. B——, who cried out, "A fraud! a fraud! you have been imposed on; I see how it is, a trick played on you. I never wrote you a line; I have the oldest claret in the country."

Then S—— shook his head, "It is that villain, Hudson."

B.—"No doubt of it."

"Then, I have lost my *bottles*.—Ay, ay, a dead loss!"

B.—"You should prosecute him."

"Oh! that would be making bad worse; be laughed at as Cockran the tailor was, who prosecuted him for stealing a goose and ham. Hudson defended the case himself, and kept the court in such peals of laughter, the judge was obliged to yield to the ridicule, and dismiss the complaint."

Hudson said, it was the absurd combination

of a goose and ham, that first made him take them, for a little time, by way of joke ; but that the tailor, he supposed, it being Christmas time and he not employed, did not like to be even in the holidays without sight of the cabbage ; therefore bought the ham, knowing his favourite vegetable would accompany it. Now, he was resolved he should neither have his favourite goose or cabbage, and he intended after the holidays to send them home ; but his impatience led him to make himself ridiculous in a court, and his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury, he trusted, would see the affair in its true light, and dispose of it accordingly.

B.—“ Pray, what sort of person delivered you that note ? ”

“ A servant-like man in your livery.”

“ Do you think it was Hudson ? ”

“ No ; it was a larger man : Hudson was, I think, the porter.”

“ I wish you could identify that servant-like fellow, and I would prosecute ; it should not be a laughing matter, I assure you. Well, Mr. S——, I am sorry for your loss, and I apologize for my rudeness, which arose from my wife’s name being mixed up ; but I perceive you had no hand in it.”

“ No, faith ; but I put my foot in it. Well,

Hudson, may you prosper! Good morning to you, sir."

"Good morning Mr. S——. Poor man, I pity you!"

Hudson now assumed a disguise that required more talent than any stage character: inasmuch as he was performing in open day, and conversing with an audience who were on intimate terms of familiarity with him; yet did he escape detection, and gained his point. There was a ship wrecked on the coast of Cork, the crew saved, but quite destitute. It was a Spanish vessel. Hudson, dressed as the captain, entered the houses of such merchants as he knew were likely to be moved by the piteous tale he had composed for his purpose; and with such art did he make his distress known, that he collected upwards of six guineas before he closed this scene. His dress and manner of disguising himself were related to me thus:—

He first, with a decoction of French berries, stained his entire face and neck, which, being laid over his fair skin, with a good complexion, gave him a decided sun-burnt or weather-beaten appearance. His eyebrows, naturally light and arched, he darkened on the under part, and also his eyelashes above and below; then a slight gray tint of powdered crayon to the beard and

upper lip, made his face so different no trace of his own likeness was discernible; then a black wig, with sleek hair and a small long queue, finished the head; a blue coat, with struck yellow buttons, resembling naval buttons; a waistcoat of the same colour; long boots, without tops; a hat high-crowned, and large leaf, rendered the costume perfect. This was the most difficult of his achievements, and he got off with credit.

I come now to the last of his great performances. The parish priest was the victim. Father S—n was a man of liberal mind and great urbanity: he was hospitable, and, without consideration of the religion of his guests, he entertained generally. Hudson had been often at his table, and was a great favourite. One day they met in the street accidentally, when Hudson said,—

“So you are to entertain the officers of the garrison to-day, I hear.”

“Yes.”

“Well, you’ll give them a good dinner.”

“I intend to feed them well enough for a poor priest. I have as fine a leg of pork as ever was seen,—a dish that Englishmen like.”

“Well, sir, I wish you well; though you have not invited me.”

“Why, Jemmy, you know I seldom give a dinner without asking you; but these are new men.

When you shall be acquainted with them, as you will be soon, you shall be of the next party, assure yourself. Farewell, sir, I'll not forget you."

And away Hudson went, chewing the cud. He then meditated a plan of revenge against the poor priest, which he actively set about, putting his plan in execution. He dressed as basket-carrier, and went to the priest's house at a time when he knew he was at a distant part of the town: he did not wear his patch, lest he might be suspected, as that device was well known; his dress, too, was different from the former. The cook, an old woman, saw him as he approached the house, and opened the door to his knock, thinking he had something for her; but when he asked for the leg of pork she was astonished, she having just put it down to boil. She asked him why had he come for it. He said that it was to be exchanged for a ham, provided it was equal to description; but if it did not please, it was to be sent back; and that Father S—n had bid her give nothing, since she gave his umbrella without a token.

"Ha," said she, "it was well he gave you a token, or I would not give it."

She accordingly went down and returned with the leg of pork. Hudson got safe to the place he intended; but not to the usual house: he feared the priest would come and frighten the people to

give it up. So far secure, he began to ruminate upon a further stroke of revenge. Meantime the priest returned, asked how the dinner was going on, and if the leg of pork had been long down.

"No," said the cook, "it was only just put down, when the man came for it."

"What man?"

"A basket man."

"And did you give it to him?"

"I did."

"Why did you?"

"Because he gave me a token about the umbrella."

"Hudson! Hudson!" exclaimed the priest.

"He promised to bring a ham."

"Ay, great chance of that. I'll go and buy some bacon; we must make shift with that: it's well it's no worse."

So away went the priest, first to the house of rendezvous: he pushed on to the kitchen, and, seeing a large pot on the fire, he put down his cane and raised up the meat, which was a piece of beef. He then went and purchased bacon, took it home, and desired the cook not to fret, but do the best she could with the dinner. He was in hopes Hudson was satisfied for that time, so consoled himself under his calamity.

In the evening, after the cloth was removed

and the company taking their wine, a knock came to the door, and a respectable middle-aged man asked to see Father S—n; he was told he was in company and could not be seen.

“Oh, then,” said he, “I must go to the bishop, for it is a matter of great moment, and I must impart it to him.”

“Wait, sir,” said the woman.

She went up and desired the servant-man to whisper Father S—n that he was wanting on particular business. He came down to the parlour, and was addressed by the person in waiting,—

“Father S—n, I have come to request your professional attendance on my mother, who is, I fear, on her death-bed. She wishes you to confess her, and give her the rites of her church.”

“What is your name, pray?”

“Williams.”

“And your occupation?”

“I am captain of a trading vessel to and from Bristol. I have arrived this day, and found my mother as I have described.”

“I have heard of you, Mr. Williams, though I never saw you before. I am at present engaged with some friends, who dined with me, but I will send my coadjutor, who will do as well, and as much, as I can.”

“Why, sir, I can’t doubt the gentleman’s good

disposition ; but my mother's happiness and peace of mind are my great object, in her present awful situation ; so that, if you find it inconvenient to come, make no apology. My mother said, if you can't get Father S—n, go to the bishop, and he will come to me ;—he knows me."

The bishop and the priest were not on the best terms, so that this might make matters worse ; he therefore saw he had no safe plan for excuse, so made up his mind at once to go. He said,—“ I shall attend you presently, when I inform my friends.” He hastened down. On coming out, two chairmen were passing. He stopped them, saying, “ You must not walk, sir, it's too muddy.” Father S—n went into the chair and was carried off, the captain walking beside it. The chairmen had previously got their directions from Hudson, to be walking up and down as if returning from a job, and to deposit their load at Mrs. —, Mallow Lane ; then to return to him immediately to Father S—'s : they were charged not to say where they were going. The captain, after attending the chair a street or two, slipped away, ran home, changed to his own dress,—came to the priest's house—knocked—was admitted—went up, and introduced himself. “ He had come,” he said, “ at the request of Father S—n, to see that his friends were properly attended : he had

met him going to see a poor dying woman." He was well received—told his anecdotes—sung—pushed round the bottle so briskly, that in two hours the company dropped away, excepting two, who were completely done up; one lay with his head on the table; the other under it.

We must now return to the priest. He got impatient, and knocked at the window to ask the chairmen, were they going right. They said, "yes;" and, after a long and anxious suspense, he was liberated, and shown into a street parlour. There he sat until his patience was quite exhausted: he then rang the bell,—a servant entered.

"Will you show me to the sick woman?"

"There's no sick woman."

"Mrs. Williams."

"No such person in this house, sir."

"Who owns this house?"

"Mrs. Thompson."

"Let me see her."

The servant then opened a door, and in the back sat Mrs. Thompson and three or four girls. It was a house of ill-fame.

"Well, Mrs. Thompson, do you know me?"

"Oh yes, sir, Father S—n; we all know you: God bless you!"

"I am come to see a dying woman, but I find

it turns out to be a joke of Mr. Hudson's. Oh, the villain! What is the name of this street?"

"Mallow Lane."

"Then how shall I get home; have you any man in the house, and a lantern?"

"Neither, sir; but if you write on a slip of paper to Richards, at the public-house, he will come to you."

"Get me a pen and ink."

He then, on the back of a letter, informed Richards of his situation, and he came, with another man and a couple of lanterns. They took the priest under their care, and saw him lodged safely in his own house. He lectured the woman and girls previous to his departure, and left them half-a-crown to comfort themselves. He found the two sleepers at his house: he had them placed on sofas, where they passed the night. Hudson was blamed for this prank even by his best friends; Mallow Lane! that sink of filth and impurity in every sense, composed of slaughter-houses, dram-shops, and infamous receptacles; to lodge a kind and benevolent clergyman in such vile quarters, a mile from home, scarcely a path to be made out, and not even a lamp to direct you where to stop safely: it was pitch dark, too, and near midnight: the picture is horrible; at best, it was a wanton trick. However, Hudson having heard remon-

stances so often, he repented, and was heard to say, in the words of Zanga, "Oh, vengeance, I have followed thee too far!" but it was past and not to be recalled. The good priest, on his meeting Hudson, took his hand, saying, "Jemmy, though I would not, *were I placed in your situation*, do as you did, I forgive you; not only forgive, but return you thanks for the care you took of my friends, and the entertainment you afforded them by your excellent songs and witty stories. I hear you have been unhappy, on reflection, but let me relieve you, when I tell you I have reclaimed some of those females to whom I was introduced by your means,—and I have placed them in creditable stations; so that 'out of evil sometimes there cometh good.' Believe me, when I tell you I wish you well; and though I cannot approve of playhouses, yet, as such places of resort are likely to be kept up, I think it a pity you do not profit by them; there you would find a field and scope for action with a certainty of not being outdone; for I look upon you to be the greatest actor in existence." With these words they parted, and Hudson felt sensibly the value of this good man's friendly advice: he got more moderate in his practice, and meditated on matrimony.

One evening, he and an acquaintance rode out together to visit a family where a young lady lived,

to whom each of these was paying addresses. They were seen leaving Cork together, and appeared to have taken too much wine. One only reached the destined house : he was much intoxicated ; yet he inquired if Hudson had arrived. He was answered in the negative. He seemed to be roused from lethargy by the answer, and said, — in the darkness of the night they parted company : he missed him, and called his name out repeatedly, but no reply being made, he concluded that Hudson had got before him, and that he should find him at the house. Persons were sent back, and Hudson was found lying in a ditch, and his horse picking up grass near him. His skull was fractured, and he was dead. Thus was the witty, facetious, and admirable performer, James Hudson, whose life was a perpetual comedy, doomed to end his days tragically by a sudden and unprovided death. His loss was greatly deplored, and by none more than that good-hearted christian, the Reverend Father S—n.

A CRITIQUE ON A PRIVATE PLAY, PERFORMED BY
PERSONS OF SOME NOTE IN CORK.

Supposed to be written by Hudson.

YE girls and gallants of all parts,
You that love scandal in your hearts,
Come listen to my song.
The heroes of the loft I sing,
Who there perform'd such wond'rous thing,
'Twere shame to hide it long.

No green-room secrets we disclose,—
Who wore their own or others' clothes
'Tis not for us to tell;
Suffice it that they all were fine,
And you that did not see them shine,
Shall hear it just as well.

First in Lothario, gallant gay
Seducer, form'd to lead astray,
See Paps with fate engage :
Nature denying charms and art,
In real life to act the part,
He tries it on the stage.

Had thy shade quitted its abode,
 Oh, Colin ! to have heard thy Ode
 Recited in his strains ;
 Then *such* a passion hadst thou known,
 As all the passions had outshone
 Which thy sweet Ode contains.

Calista match'd him, I agree,
 No other female sure but she
 Could stoop to such a rake.
 And none but he would Rogers try,
 Blew passion's tempest e'er so high,
 A penitent to make.

Aikin, to take this acting fit,
 Was sure by some mad player bit,
 So ran upon the stage ;
 He like a swaddled mummy stands,
 Close to his sides he keeps his hands,
 Nor moves them in an age.

Hobbling Sciolto, crutch in hand,
 So far from acting, scarce can stand,—
 He gives and suffers pain.
 Good Doctor Davis, sit at ease,
 Preserve your dignity and fees,
 Nor trifle thus in vain ;

Yet merit give where merit's due,
 Acknowledge, muse, there were a few
 That well might tribute claim ;
 But to be part of such a whole
 Had damn'd the powers of Garrick's soul,
 And left him nought but shame.

Our daughters, too, dress'd out so fine,
 Must e'en in wardrobe glories shine,
 And learn theatric grace.
 Go on, my girls, these genial deeds
 Will ripen the prolific seeds
 Of womanhood apace.

Oh, say, when Lethe's cup was brought,
 Why had the audience not a draught?
 Ye actors, too, to drink !
 Well for your credit had it been
 If sweet oblivion drown'd the scene,
 And suffer'd none to think.

Should charity thy vot'ries fail,
 Curs'd be the hand should lift the veil,—
 Such motives faults should hide ;
 But where a useless set appeal,
 To public justice, as we feel,
 We freely may decide.

SEDLEY.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

IMPROMPTU LINES ON A FAVOURITE INFANT, BY AN
AFFLICTED FATHER.

WHY triumph o'er my babe, mistaken death?
Thy real victim in his parent own:
The stroke that robb'd him of his guiltless breath
Gave life to him, and death to me alone.

LINES BY A YOUNG FEMALE AFFLICTED WITH IN-
SANITY, WHO HAD BEEN VIEWING THE RUINS OF
HOLY CROSS, NEAR CASHEL.

Amongst these ancient remains are two tombs, said to contain two brothers; one had been murdered by the other: a stream of water has found its way, and trickles down from the upper to the lower tomb.

Oh, rock that dost for ever weep,
Whose ever-flowing drop may tell
This truth,—that guilt shall never sleep,
Though in the sacred grave it dwell.

Oh! power of mercy that can drain
Tears from the cold and silent tomb,
To wash away that murd'rous stain,
Sealed by the great primeval doom.

A brother's blood lies on his head,
And sure those hallowed drops that flow
Are but the tears of him that bled,
To heal the murd'rer's burning woe.

Oh! may such hallowed drops be giv'n
By saints and holy spirits blest,
An off'ring to the king of heaven,
To call the guilty soul to rest.

SONG.—PADDY'S RETURN.

Tune—Come William.

I've just got from Lunnun safe home,
Have seen all the churches and palaces,
Been up to St. Paul's in the dome,
Down to Newgate a viewing the gallowses;
Thro' all the grand streets and the squares,
In Fleet Market among all the slaughtermen;
To Blackfriars' Bridge, at the stairs,
Where I oft tipp'd the wink to the watermen.
Ti rol, lol de rol lol, &c.

I saw more than I told, or can tell ;
And the truth I can truly declare, then,—
I don't like it a quarter so well
As sweet Dublin—I wouldn't compare them.
Not a soldier in Lunnun you see,
Poor creturs, excipt at the garrison ;
Now, with us, they're as plinty as bees,—
And for barracks there is no caparison.
Ri tol lol, &c.

In Lunnun what crowds in the streets,
Such bustle, and here and there driving,
A porter upsets all he meets,
To get forward every one striving.
Now, in Dublin we've no such obstructions ;
We've policemen, and we've parishioners,
Peace-officers skilled in destruction,
With wide and convenient omissioners.
Ri tol lol, &c.

Our grand streets are wide and commodious,
And nobody constantly using them,
Our thoroughfares narrow and odious,
Where thousands stand daily abusing them.
Scotch carts, country cars, hackney coaches,
Gigs, jaunting-cars, and brewers' drays, you'll
see,
Drawn up in the neighbouring approaches,
To pass Castle Street ev'ry day you'll see.
Ri tol lol, &c.

Eight horses you'll see to their waggons,
With bells in their noddles to tingle ;—
With us what loads one horse will drag on,
In timber car, coal cart, or jingle !
Up hill, too, we give no assistance,
We make 'em draw more than they're able ;
Then down hill they can't make resistance,
Yet they seldom drop dead in the stable.
Ri tol lol, &c.

Our buildings so noble and good,
There's the Custom House just in the Liffey,
Like Noah's Ark left in the mud,
Was built too, they say, in a giffey ;
With long rooms and strong rooms and halls,
Why a prince there might make a grand entry ;
With store-rooms and more rooms than all,
And a regiment of clerks standing sentry.
Ri tol lol, &c.

Our four courts another grand idifis,
All dome and fine fluted pilasters,
With in-and-out archways to get the fees,
With wilful and woeful disasters ;
Whole legions of lawyers to litigate,
Attorneys in ramifications ;
With fiery-face judges to mitigate,
Or confound the damnifications.
Ri tol lol, &c.

For a palace give me the new Post Office,—
Outside all pillars and pediment ;
The good cheer inside would please most of us,
You get wine from the Lees without sediment.
But the mail coaches keep such a fuss about,
They drive the clerks quite hurly-burly ;
And tho' all men of letters, they push about,
And sometimes get milling from Corley.
Ri tol lol, &c.

But the worst I can tell you of Lunnun,—
And I'll swear to it as I'm a sinner,
That a man without cash there is undone,
For where could he look for his dinner.
Now in Dublin the stranger is welcome
To eat and to drink while he's able ;
And if to drink more back he will come,
He'll find a bed under the table.
Ri tol lol, &c.

ANECDOTES AND PUNS.

When Lord Fitzwilliam was viceroy in Ireland, he applied to Sir Hercules Langrishe to direct him to some history of Ireland that came down to the then present time. Sir Hercules replied, that he would find it in a continuation of **RAPIN**.

ANOTHER.

Sir Hercules finding himself very unwell, applied to his physician for medical advice. The physician told him, if he could limit his daily beverage to a pint of wine, although he had seen some years, he could yet promise him a length of days. Sir Hercules said he could, and would *that* day commence the practice. On the next day, when the medical adviser appeared and inquired if the temperate plan had been commenced—"Yes," said Sir Hercules, "it has; and I think you may safely promise me a length of days, for I thought yesterday the longest day I ever spent in my life."

An action for infringing on the patent of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, was brought by Jones *versus* Astley. The latter had performed at his theatre two farces, called "My Grandmother," and "Lock and Key."

The late Mr. Curran and Mr. Plunket were engaged for Jones, and a witness fell into their hands, on cross-examination, when the following humorous and satirical converse occurred:—

The witness was a very arrogant conceited person, of great importance. He held a situation in Dublin Castle, and was proprietor of the house which Astley had converted into a theatre. This Sir Oracle, the terror of authors, actors, painters, and all wits, now is exposed to two formidable correctors. He had finished his examination, when Mr. Curran commenced,—‘Well, sir, your name, I think, is Ashworth.’ ‘It is.’ ‘You have given it as your opinion and belief, that *My* Grandmother is a musical piece.’ ‘I have said the farce called *My Grandmother* is a musical piece. I don’t mean *your* grandmother.’ ‘You don’t admit, then, of *new* readings.’ ‘No, I do not.’ ‘Pray, do you think *Madame Mara* a musical piece?’ ‘Oh, nonsense.’ ‘Pray, sir, are you sure you understand the distinction between a regular drama and that which is called a musical piece?’ ‘I am certain I do.’ ‘Oh, then, pray describe to the court and jury what a regular drama is.’ ‘Every one knows that it is a comedy, tragedy, or farce.’ ‘What is a comedy,—describe it?’ ‘I have not come here to be the amusement of a court, and to indulge Mr. Curran in his fits of humourous by-play. I come here to state what my opinion is of the alleged trespass.’ ‘Well, sir, will you describe a comedy?’ ‘I will not.’ ‘Will you a tragedy?’ ‘No.’ ‘Will you a farce?’

‘No.’ Then Curran appealed to the bench. ‘My lord, this oracular expositor will not promulgate: how are we to know his profound knowledge of the subject.’ ‘Court.—Sir, it is not sufficient evidence to go to the court. Your avowal of your own acquirement you must convince by explanation; then we find you competent. Allow me to ask you, how you are enabled to judge or form opinions on the subject?’ ‘My lord, I have written works myself.’ ‘Oh! I beg pardon,’ said one of the lawyers; ‘then give the title of your work?’ ‘It was anonymous, I can’t.’ ‘Oh! he was one anonymous.’ There was a dead silence; when Mr. Curran said, ‘You may go down, Sir.’ Mr. Plunkett stopped his going down, to ask him one question: he said he would guarantee his not committing himself. ‘You say, sir, you have written anonymous works. Now, by virtue of the oath you have taken, are you, or are you not, the author of Junius’s Letters?’ ‘I am not.’ ‘You are on your oath, recollect.’ ‘On my oath, I am not.’ ‘I believe you, sir,—you may go down.’ Then Mr. Curran addressed the jury. ‘Gentlemen, it is for you to decide the fate of My Grandmother, whether she is regularly farcical, or but a musical piece; then you will have to say, whether the *Patent Lock and Key* is not to supersede the *Spring and Tumbler*.’”

A FRIEND LOST BY A PUN.

When attending my father's business, an English gentleman came into our hardware house in Dublin, and asked to see some bottle-stands. I answered him, and was resolved he should speak in the Dublin phrase, as I had been obliged when in London to conform to the phraseology there; I therefore answered "we have no such article, Sir." "Why, Sir, I see one in your window, formed like a canoe," taking two bottles. "Oh! I beg your pardon, Sir,—we call these bottle coasters." "Coasters! coasters! they are called bottle-stands all through England." "That is just as it should be, Sir; but the bottle never stands in Ireland. We, therefore, call them bottle coasters!" The Englishman turned out, but did not buy; and I lost a customer, but had my joke.

A FRIEND GAINED BY A PUN.

When I first visited Belfast, I took a letter to Mr. Skeffington, *since* Lord Mazareen. I painted Miss Skeffington; and got acquainted with Mrs. Boisragon, mother of Dr. Boisragon. She induced her brother, Dr. Fuller, to sit to me. On a par-

ticular occasion I dined at a club dinner, at the Donegal Arms, and was returning home at ten o'clock. A young gentleman, standing at the door as if waiting for some friend coming to join him, cried out to me as I passed, "Is that Fuller?" "No, said I,—I can't be *fuller*." "I'll know who you are, however." Then closing on me,—“Why, you are the painter that Dr. Fuller, my uncle, is sitting for,—are you not?” “Certainly.” “Then, give me your hand, we must be friends; and we have been friends to the present day, now thirty years and upwards.

MEMOIR OF STUART, PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

WHEN Stuart, the portrait-painter, visited Dublin, Home had possession of all the fashionable practice ; but Stuart's works paralysed Home's efforts, and he left Dublin and the field to Stuart. His portraits were so well reported by the cognoscenti, that a rage to possess some specimen of his pencil took place, and a difficulty of obtaining a finished picture became universal, so fond was he of touching the half-price. Stuart had great affectation in his manner of speaking. It was like an imitation of John Kemble, to whom he bore a great resemblance, and he was flattered whenever it was observed he was not only like Kemble in features, but in speech. He was perfectly conscious of his pre-eminence in painting ; and he, by his manner, exhibited that self-opinion to his visitors : this gave him the air of a coxcomb, although he assumed an independence of mind, which scarcely would be endured from any other man.

Stuart, soon after his arrival, was invited to dine with the Artists of Dublin, on St. Luke's Day. He accepted the invitation, and was very communicative to those who sat near him. But Mr. Pack, (one of the company) who delighted in anecdote, was relating one, where he was the hero of the tale himself, and he spoke so loud as to drown Stuart's voice, so that the great visitor was obliged to be a mute listener, until he silenced the story-teller. Pack was boasting of his intimacy with Sir Joshua Reynolds being so great, that he had the freedom of going into Sir Joshua's study, even when he was painting, if alone. One day he entered the study when Sir Joshua was engaged designing, with chalk, a picture of a Holy Family. "Mr. Pack, I have been puzzled with this design,—the fore shortening of this infant's thigh,—I must lay it by until I get a model."

Pack saw several lines sketched, and he said, "Sir Joshua, your eye is fatigued; now, I come in with my eyes fresh, and I think I could draw the line you want; will you permit me—*this in a softened tone*—to point out what strikes me."

Sir Joshua handed him the chalk, and Pack drew the line. "I think it would come so, so."

Sir Joshua thanked him, but the freedom was

revoked ; yet the line was adopted, as the picture (which has been finished) testifies. These were Pack's words.

Stuart, fired with indignation at what he heard, asked Valdre, an Italian artist, who sat beside him, and in a voice as loud as Pack's, "Who is that person relating these stories?"

"Mr. Pack."

"Pack! Pack!" said Stuart. "Well, I have often heard of a Pack of nonsense, but I never saw it before."

Such an involuntary burst of laughter took place, like a volley, so generally was the excitement felt, as took some minutes to relapse into a decent silence or decorum. Pack then became mute, and we were deprived of his entertaining qualities for that evening.

We then enjoyed Stuart's account of himself, as he was freed from interruption. He stated that on his arrival in London from America, he was received by his friend, Benjamin West, and treated as an inmate in his family. He saw him painting every day, and he took such an interest in the art, he determined to become a painter. After some time spent as a looker-on, Mr. West asked him, what profession he meant to follow. He said, he had not yet made up his mind that he could be a musician. West shook his head,

and said, "Though you can play on every instrument, do you suppose you could vie with men here? I think you must fix upon some particular instrument, practice under a first-rate teacher, and then you may reckon on success."

Well, a few days after this conversation, Stuart happened to pass St. Catherine's Church, in the Strand. He had observed a crowd at the church-door, and crossed to ask what caused the people to assemble. He was told it was a competition for organist. He asked if a stranger might become a competitor? "Yes," was the answer. He was accordingly brought to the organ-loft, and, in his turn, played on the organ. He was asked for his address, which he gave; and was told a note would be sent to him reporting on his performance.

On the next day he received a note acquainting him he had been elected organist, and if he would attend at one o'clock that day at the church, the particulars of duty would be made known to him, and the salary, &c. He handed the note to Mr. West, saying, he had now a proof of being able to support himself by music. Mr. West was surprised, so much, he doubted that the note was genuine; in fact, that it was but a joke; but Stuart assured him of the truth of it, and that he should be the witness himself if he chose to go

with him to the church. Mr. West then believed him; yet doubted his perseverance in the duty, that he would throw it up in a month. He assured him he would attend regularly for three months, then resign; giving due notice of his intention to change to another pursuit.

"And, what," said West, "will you take up in its stead?"

"Portrait-painting."

"Why, you can't draw?"

"I'll paint, though."

"What, without practising drawing?"

"Yes."

"I shall be glad to see your works."

"You shall see them, and that soon. I am resolved on giving up one art to take up the other; therefore, let me beg of you to set a pallet for me, and this day I mean to commence practice. I mean to paint that piece of white satin that hangs on the back of that chair."

Mr. West set the pallet; then Stuart took it and the satin to his room, and in three days produced his work, which astonished West, but not more than it pleased him. He then said, he should like to see a portrait of a head from life. Stuart then began a head. His plan was of his own contrivance. He got two looking-glasses, placed them opposite to each other, put his subject with his back to one, his face to the other;

the reflection of the face was repeated (by managing and shifting the glass) three or four times in gradations of effect less perfect in each. He painted first from the least perfect, whose features were confounded in masses of shadow, but he got the character of the head exactly. His next sitting required more making out of the subject ; he then looked to the next and nearer reflection. The next sitting he was able to discern more particularising ; he then came to the first reflection, and then introduced the eyes : the very spaces left for the eyes showed where they should be placed. Then his last sitting he faced his sitter, and had all the markings so perfectly distinct, his task was easily accomplished. His first head was as like as he ever painted ; and Mr. West could scarcely believe it was his work. Stuart, however, showed him his mechanical invention, and West saw him at work,—he was then convinced.

Here ended Stuart's account of his first essays in his art ; by practice, he was enabled to lay aside the use of looking-glasses, as boys lay by corks, when they become familiar with the action of swimming. The company were greatly amused ; and that night's enjoyment was memorable for years, with those who were present at Stuart's narration.

Stuart was struck with some remark I made upon his account of himself, and he requested of

Valdre to introduce me. This being complied with, he called upon me, and frequently came and partook of a dinner, in the family way, when perhaps he had been asked to a great house and splendid fare: but he was whimsical, and his attachment to me often surprised me. There was certainly one point in his disposition that he never deviated from. He had all the equalizing spirit of the American,—and he looked contemptuously upon titled rank. I had an example of that not long after, the Archbishop of Dublin, had his daughter's portrait painted by Stuart, but had made some remark upon it, that was not complimentary to the artist. His Grace called on Stuart, and sent up his name that he wished to speak to Mr. Stuart. I happened to be conversing with Stuart at the time, and I rose to depart; but he said,—“No, you must stay and witness a novel scene.” He sent down an excuse, that he was not accustomed to attend carriages,—that if his Grace would honour him in his painting-room, he would attend on him. The archbishop sent back to say that gout prevented his coming up. Stuart replied, he was extremely sorry; for two reasons—one, for his grace's sufferings, the other that he had got the rheumatism himself; but that he would endeavour to meet his grace half-way. So, slipping his foot out of his shoe, he put down the

hind quarter; then, slipshod, he tied a silk handkerchief round the foot, and proceeded to the stairs, and literally met the archbishop half-way.

"Well, I have contrived to hobble up, you see, Mr. Stuart—sorry to see your foot tied up."

"Ha! oh dear!"

"Do you suffer much with your foot?"

"Oh, very much, my lord."

"Well, Mr. Stuart, I came about my daughter's portrait: I am not quite reconciled to the picture. Now, she is not a bad subject, and I expected she would have made an interesting picture. Now, all these portraits, as far as I know the originals, are not only striking likenesses, but pleasing pictures. I candidly own, I cannot say so much for my daughter's picture."

Stuart then placed the picture on an easel, and with a large brush he began, on a sky background, to lay in a dark neutral colour. He went on until he had covered to the head. The archbishop conceived he would let the face and figure remain; but he covered all. Then his grace exclaimed,—

"Now, what are you doing? are you painting it out?"

"Yes, I am putting your Grace out of pain, as much as I can. I shall return the half-price, and am sorry I could not please your Grace."

“ I wished you to alter the face.”

“ That I could not. I make it a rule never to alter, but rub out.”

“ But I don’t wish it rubbed out.”

“ Oh, don’t you ; I have, then, only to restore it.”

Then, taking some tow, and dipping it in turpentine, he removed the dark colour. The archbishop desired him to send it home at three o’clock, remarking, that he was the first he had met with to refuse altering a picture to please.

“ That’s not to be done ; and I have long since proved that point, which made me adopt, as a rule, that of painting from my own vision and conception : a dressmaker may alter a dress ; a milliner a cap ; a tailor a coat ; but a painter may give up his art, if he attempts to alter to please : it cannot be done.”

The archbishop bowed obsequiously, hobbled down : Stuart attended him half-way, and, bowing low, returned to his painting-room, enjoying his victory. He asked me how I liked the scene. I said I could not have believed it, had I not been a witness to it. He remarked, that the archbishop was arbitrary,—therefore he was resolved not to yield to his rude and overbearing temper. He ordered his servant to take the picture home at three o’clock, and get fifteen guineas, or bring the picture back.

We then went out to walk, and he entertained me with an anecdote of Dr. Hill. The doctor had called on Stuart when he had been about a month in Dublin, and had painted three portraits. Here we were joined by a Mr. Berrell, an architect, who was also considered a man of good taste and critical knowledge in painting. Stuart went on with Dr. Hill's visit. The doctor said,—“My name is Hill, Mr. Stuart: I am called Dr. Hill. I am fond of painting, and had an early inclination to become an artist; I drew in pen-and-ink, and was considered eligible to become an engraver. I have called to ask the favour of viewing your works, of which I have heard such good report.” Stuart bowed assent, saying, he had but few to show him; then placed one before him. The doctor was pleased with the head, and said, he supposed Stuart had two looking-glasses to get that view of his head; he also said it was very like. ‘Like who?’ ‘It’s your own portrait, is it not?’ ‘No.’ ‘It is Luke White.’ ‘So it is,—and very like, indeed; but the contour is not very different from your’s.’ ‘Here is another,’ said Stuart. ‘Oh—ay—’ said Hill, ‘had I seen this first, I could not be mistaken; this is you, indeed.’ ‘Jonathan Fisher,’ said Stuart. ‘His very image. My good worthy little Jonathan. Good morning to you, Mr. Stuart; I’ll

call again when you have more, and I must get more perfect in my vision,—I find I require *revision*.' Berrell laughed so heartily, Stuart was delighted, and invited him to return and look at his collection. We talked on criticism, and observed how much the doctor had been reputed a good critic. Stuart said there were very few real good critics, but no want of censors.

We returned to Stuart's room, and Berrell was pleased beyond measure with his works,—named every head; so that Stuart thought he had a good eye. Then bringing forward a picture;—"There," said he, "is a head I intended to have shown the doctor, but that he ran away." When this head was placed on the easel, Berrell remarked,—“What a pity the doctor had not waited, he might then have saved his credit, for here he could not have been mistaken. There you are, Mr. Stuart.” “That is Henry Grattan, sir.” “Henry Grattan! too true,—a palpable hit; never more will I give an opinion on a likeness. Good morning to you, Mr. Stuart, your works deserve better supervisors.” So Berrell got away quite crest-fallen. Stuart enjoyed the mistake, and laughed heartily. He then related to me his great career in London, on his getting into fashion. He shared practice when Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and others were, all fully

employed, and his receipts were considerable,—some thousands per annum. He had a splendid house, and lived expensively. Amongst other servants, he kept a French cook. He began giving dinners, and invited forty-two persons to dine with him. Those were men of talent in some professional line, — painters, poets, musicians, droll fellows, actors, and authors, &c. &c. &c. After dinner he said to his friends,—“I can’t have you all every day, but I will have seven of you to dine with me each day in the week; and I have contrived it so that the party shall vary without further trouble. I have put up seven *chak-pins* in my hall, so as the first seven that come may hang up their cloaks and hats; the eighth man, seeing these full, will go away, and probably attend earlier on the next day. Then it would not be likely that any of the party of one day would come on the next, nor until the time for the forty-two should be expended; and Sunday should be excepted.” This compact was understood, and without trouble of naming or writing, I had a different company every day, and no jealousies at a preference given to any one.

“I tasked myself to six sitters a day; three done, I flung down my pallet and pencils—took my hat—and ran about and around the park for an hour—then home—got ready for dinner—24.

proached my drawing-room with a surety of meeting seven as clever men as could be found in society ; and, what added to this comfort, I knew not what or who they might be until I saw them ; and this producing a variety every day without any trouble. Oh, it was a delightful solace after such labour ! I assure you, my good friend, it was the greatest of all human luxuries.”

“ It must have been expensive ?”

“ It was more than I calculated on ; but it enabled me to sustain the labour of six sitters.”

“ How did Mr. West approve of it ?”

“ He shook his head, and observed, it would eat itself out. It did so ; for in about six months the party was broken up, some going into the country, others out of the country,—John Kemble, Irish Johnstone, and others ; it died a natural death, greatly to our regret.”

“ Pray, have you ever heard of the West, of Ireland ?”

“ No ; what of it ? Is there any thing extraordinary to be seen there ?”

“ Oh ! I mean a man, not a district : West, an artist of celebrity.”

“ Yes ; a master of the Dublin Society’s Drawing School. Ha ! that is a curious circumstance,—West, of England, and West, of Ireland, artists. Well, and how does he rank in the art ?”

“ Oh ! a very clever draughtsman ! so far he keeps pace with the great West, of England.”

“ Pray introduce me to him. I should like to know him, that I might add to the name another master.”

“ Let us see ; how long will you remain in town before you return to Stillorgan ?”

“ About an hour.”

“ That will do. Get your hat, and come with me to West’s house ; it’s not far, and you shall see the great little man, then judge for yourself.”

We turned out, and soon reached the house. West was at home ; we were shown into a parlour. The master came running in, and seeing a stranger, instead of stopping, he kept coasting round the room, settling drawings that hung awry, from being frequently displaced by pupils.

“ Mr. West, I have brought Mr. Stuart to visit you.”

“ I am greatly obliged to you. Mr. Stuart, I am glad to see you, sir ; I have never seen you, but in your works, which have afforded me great pleasure. Your pictures have the merit of being like, a great requisite in a portrait. I perceive you finish your head nearly before you put in the eyes, that gives you a great advantage in disarming criticism ; and thereby saves you from remarks that might mislead, for no one could cen-

sure a head without eyes ; then you ascertain the exact spot where the eyes should be placed, and are able to paint them at once, without the trouble of shifting or amending them. Your eyes are, by this plan, vivid and good and clear and bright ; they remind me of Vandyke, the king of portrait-painters. I saw a picture of his at Hampton Court, of Charles the First, on a white horse, and a finer picture I never beheld." Here West paused ; and I asked Stuart if he had ever seen that picture ? " Oh ! yes, often ; it is admirable ! There's a stream of light, that comes trickling down, from the head of the man, to the hoof of the horse, that gives it not only relief, but reality." West burst forth, " A stream of light trickling down ! that's an apt phrase, I never heard it before, but I understand it ; what a pleasure to hear a person converse upon art that understands it, and can exemplify." Stuart was looking at a drawing, and West observing him, said, " That's a drawing by my father, Mr. Stuart, of the Roman Soldier,—the muscles in the back are correctly drawn ; my father was a pupil under Carlo Vanloo, and he got the silver pallet for that drawing ; he beat his master out of the field. That's a portrait of my brother John ; he's gone out ; he's not at home, or you could perceive it is like. That's a head of O'Keeffe, considered clever ; he

has turned author, and left off drawing, his eyes having failed. That's Mrs. Abington, the celebrated actress, praised by our critics, from it being so like a mezzotint print, that is reversing criticism ; if a print was mistaken for a drawing, that would compliment the engraver ; but we are obliged here to take praise in any shape, and we must not undervalue the giver. Now, you have all the happiness in England, of meeting true and sound judges, you have so many great artists."

During West's speeches he never looked at Stuart, so the great man stole out of the room, and I followed. West turned round and attended me. I told him I would call another day and take him to Stuart's house, where he could see his entire collection. He thanked me, and we parted. When I came out I perceived Stuart walking fast, so I had to run before I could join him. " You seem in haste, sir ?"

" I am ; I should prefer your playing practical jokes on others."

" What, you don't like the West, of Ireland ; another visit will give you a knowledge of his character !"

" Had you not compared him to my friend, Benjamin West, I might have listened to him with some patience."

" Yes ; but I meant all in due proportion, as

Ireland bears to England; and I am sure you cannot be angry with him, for he gave you great credit for your works, as a brother brush."

"Brother John gone out; d—n his brother John, let him stay out; what have I to do with him? Then, Carlo Vanloo, his father's master, and the Roman Soldier; they may all go together to —."

"Oh! enough! enough! good actor man!"

"I thought you could develope character."

"So I can."

"I'll try if you can. Do you see three men there going on before us?"

"Yes, I do."

"What are they, think you?"

"Let me see their faces."

"I never saw your dear friend's face, though he spoke half a volume at me, addressing the wall. Cross the way—get on quickly—recross and return to me—you will then be able to see these characters."

"I did so, and guessed them to be bailiffs."

"You are right. You shall assist me to avoid their clutches; they are now going to wait my departure."

"Then, can't you return, and go in another direction."

"No; they won't appear until I am mounting

my; horse then they will mulct me of a guinea, or more. Now, if you act well, you'll be amused with character; you'll see natural feeling and expression worthy of Hogarth's pencil, and I shall save my guinea. If you do it well, you shall dine with me at Stillorgan, next Sunday, upon nice pork fed on apples; and you shall have a bed. Mind these directions:—We first shall enter; in due time you turn out at the front door, as if waiting for me; occasionally look into the hall, and call out, 'Stuart, are you coming. I, meantime, will mount at the stable door, and ride to the corner; then, I'll call to you to know, why you stay there,—then bid you good by. You'll then behold their disappointment, and we shall triumph over the rascals."

Every thing turned out as he had foretold; and it was truly entertaining to see their manœuvres preparing for him; when he appeared and called to me, their consternation, and he asking if those gentlemen were my friends; then, clapping spurs to his horse and dashing away, the deplorable looks in every face of the three wretched ruffians; they had some low converse, and sauntered away.

On the ensuing Sunday I went to Stillorgan, and, as I walked up a narrow road that leads to that quarter from the Black Rock, I saw some

very pretty pigs ; it struck me, at one moment's view, that they belonged to Stuart, and that I could not be distant from his house ; to try that I was right in my conjecture, I took up little pebbles, and threw them at them. They ran on, and I followed. They led me to a gate, into which they entered. It lay open, and before the house I saw Stuart tending some flower-pots.

"Ha," said he, "you are come."

"Yes, please the pigs."

Then I told him how they had led me. He was delighted at my recital, and more complimented than at anything I could say in praise of his works. He said,—“You shall taste pork to-day of their kind, and you will acknowledge my plan to be a good one for feeding.” He then took me to his garden, which was well cropped, all by his own hands. Walked me over his grounds, and pointed out his skill in farming : he valued himself more on these points than on painting. I candidly confessed I should rather see his works in his painting-room, that I was ignorant of farming, gardening, or feeding of pigs. He pitied me very much, observing, what a loss I sustained by not attending to the cultivation of that, on which mankind were supported and rendered wealthy and powerful. We then got back to the house, and dinner was served. I ate of the

apple-fed pork, and was greatly pleased with it. I praised it, and he felt vain on the subject.

After dinner he entertained me with anecdote : one I will beg to insert here. We were enjoying the bailiff's *mistake*, and the advantage he (Stuart) possessed of reading character,—how it had saved his purse. He gave me credit for my naming their trade, and for my acting my part. “Now,” said he, “I will relate to you a decision of mine, made when I was painting the whole-length of Lord Chancellor Clare. I was at his lordship's table, at dinner ; he ordered me to sit beside him to have some private chat. Just as the cloth was removed, a gentleman came in and looked rather confused ; from not being in time, Lord Clare desired the servant to place a small table and get dinner for him. ‘You must try and make the best on't: it's your own fault ; we waited half-an-hour.’ His lordship then turned to me. ‘Now, Stuart, you are so accustomed to look all men that come before you in the face, you must be a good judge of character, do you know that gentleman at the side-table?’ ‘No, my lord, I never saw him before.’ ‘Well, now tell me what sort of man he is in his disposition.’ ‘Is he a friend?’ ‘No.’ ‘Then I may speak freely.’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Why, then, my lord, I think if G—d A—y ever wrote a legible hand, he

is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society.' His lordship was so tickled with my true development of character, he laughed immoderately. It was a hit. This man, an eminent attorney, had been a great retainer of his lordship, when he practised as a counsel, and was not forgotten. Lord Clare was grateful, though not ignorant of the delinquency of his guest, and strange, it is yet true, to say, that few attorneys had greater or higher practice. Yet he bore the stigma of over-reaching and perfidiousness. You may form some notion, or opinion, from this one example, that I have been expert at developing character.

"Your works would prove that point, had I any doubt; but what dealings should you have with bailiffs?—You are not in debt in this country, I hope."

"My good friend, you are mistaken, I am deeply in debt."

"Well, great patronage, then, is less productive than I thought for; I have had, in my humble practice, but a moderate share of patronage, and I never incurred a debt of one pound."

"Well, I have to learn that art. So silly am I, and so careless of keeping out of debt, it has cost me more to bailiffs for my liberty than would pay the debt for which they were to arrest me. I con-

fess my folly in feeling proud of such feats ;—don't you know that I have been some time in confinement ?”

“ No, I never heard of it.”

“ I have been, and you will be surprised, when I tell you I painted myself out of jail.”

“ How did you paint yourself out ?”

“ Why, I painted the jailor and his wife, and he was so penetrated at the honour I had done him, that he was glad of an opening that offered for my escape. It was thus :—One lord-lieutenant left the castle, with his suite, to make way for a newly-appointed viceroy, who was waiting at Howth, until they had a meeting and conference ; then the new lord came to town, and took his place at the Castle, and was sworn in agreeably to the usage of this great official regal establishment. I knew so much law, that, from the abdication of one, to the investiture of the other, although it took in process but a few hours, the government of the country slept until the great work was accomplished. I therefore demanded my liberty. The jailor knew I was borne out in my demand, and opened the door, permitting me to depart, which, having done, I am unwilling to be locked up again, so submit to be plucked by these vultures—the bailiffs. Now, sir, answer me,—have I not made some advances in the arts ?”

“ Yes ; but not the fine arts, you'll allow.”

"Well, I mean to begin:—I'll get some of my first sittings finished; and when I can nett a sum sufficient to take me to America, I shall be off to my native soil. There I expect to make a fortune by Washington alone. I calculate upon making a plurality of his portraits, whole lengths, that will enable me to realize; and if I should be fortunate, I will repay my English and Irish creditors. To Ireland and England I shall bid adieu."

"And what will you do with your aggregate of unfinished works?"

"The artists of Dublin will get employed in finishing them. You may reckon on making something handsome by it, and I shan't regret my default, when a friend is benefitted by it in the end. The possessors will be well off. The likeness is there, and the finishing may be better than I should have made it."

"As your friend, the West of Ireland, says, likeness is a requisite in a portrait."

"Es, es, no doubt."

Thus Stuart entertained me until bedtime. Many other anecdotes followed, which would spin out a rare tale; but this I think enough, without tiring my reader. Stuart soon left Ireland for America,—drove a great career for forty years, highly valued and rewarded. He died about five years since, as I have heard, and his fame as a portrait-painter will live to after-ages.

THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

ON a gloomy evening, in the month of November, about the year 1780, sat Francis Robert West and brother John before the embers of a fire that had been good, and still burning so clear, as to light up the surrounding objects with a schalken-like effect. They had enjoyed perhaps an hour in a comfortable nap after their frugal meal, when the rattling of a carriage, passing near the parlour window, awoke them. John broke silence, "Frank, you have had a long sleep?"

"How do you know that, John, you look as if you had only just awakened yourself."

"Why, it's better to be asleep dan awake in dese bad times."

"What makes you think the times so bad?"

"Why, dat butcher we deal wid; I tink he's not an honest man."

"What has he done to make you think otherwise?"

"Don't you remember we had to pay him twice, de same bill. Now, dis day he has got

an order against you for thirty shillings, and dat will make dree times. Now, dat can't be honest."

"Well, John, I suppose you have the receipt?"

"I put it in de drawer, but some one took it out, and I hadn't it to show de magistrate, so he gave an order against, and said we deserved it, for not taking care of de receipt."

"Well, John, I don't think he could do less; why did you not lock it up?"

"I might; but dat's not de worst, de fellow said he would have you by de neck, if it wasn't paid dis day."

"Ha! by dad, we must look sharp! a catch-pole, I don't admire. John, try if you can make out thirty shillings there," said Frank, "turning out his pocket."

"John picked up the sum, and went off grinning, and cursing the butcher, the court of conscience, and the times."

Frank pocketed the remnant of shillings and pence, repaired the fire, and sat down, giving way to a train of melancholy reflections. He was roused from this reverie by a knock at the street-door. Mr. Wolverston was admitted.

"Mr. West, I come to sit an hour with you this dull evening, do I intrude?"

"Quite the reverse; doubtless, no doubt, you are come in the nick of time. Sit down, Mr.

Wolverston ; here's a chair near the fire ; it's more sociable, es, es.

“ Well, how am I in the nick ? ”

“ Why, by your interrupting me in a train of afflicting thoughts. John has just gone out to pay a butcher thirty shillings ; this makes the third time he has paid the same bill.”

“ But, why so ? ”

“ Because he had no receipt to show ; and the butcher is a dishonest man, and the court of conscience protects him.”

“ Ha ! my dear West, John is not a fit guardian or assistant for you ; you want a partner that will share your comforts or afflictions ; that will have your interest at heart ; in fine, you want a good wife.”

“ Doubtless, no doubt, a wife would be desirable in my case, could I obtain a good one as you recommend, but that's a deplorable want ; where is she ? ”

“ I'll recommend you as good a wife as can be found, if you are not averse to matrimony.”

“ Averse ; no, I am quite disposed to it, es, es. Who would you recommend ? ”

“ My sister,—What say you ? ”

“ I am greatly honoured by your naming a person from whom I have received so much pleasure in conversation, and for whom I have so great a

respect, es, es, doubtless, no doubt,—but Miss Wolverston would not hear of me as a husband.”

“ You can’t tell ; but I should like it for both. I’ll ask her for you, for I know your turn for procrastination.”

“ Will you defer it until the long days, then ?”

“ No ; why the long days ?”

“ Oh ! the heats and colds incidental to marriage ceremonies are too numerous and exhausting. A man would require the constitution of a brewer’s swab to undergo the ordeal. Es, es, doubtless, no doubt, dinners, suppers, and merry-makings.”

“ Nonsense, I’ll not listen to such stuff ; we are not so low to feast and fatten on such occasions ; we can make the ceremony as private as we please. Fare ye well, I’ll communicate as much as I can, when next we meet. Good evening.”

“ Farewell, Mr. Wolverston,—good-bye—adieu. Es, es, doubtless, no doubt I am committed,” said West, returning from seeing his visitor to the door.

Poor West ! he was in a perfect ferment—between the butcher and the wife, he thought it hanging choice. The only thing to make him yield to the idea of marriage was, that the butcher could not again claim his debt, so might come to

use his knife ; this fearful notion kept him steady on the wife.

Mr. Wolverston, in a few days, called on West, and told him his sister approved of him, and asked him to come to dine ; but he excused himself, saying, he had forty drawings to do for Colley Grattan. However, Wolverston fixed him to name a day, within a fortnight, for the marriage, on which occasion a dinner at Wolverston's was to be given ;—the party invited, of course, friends of the lady, and a few of West's also. All met, but no West,—no bridegroom appeared on that occasion ; the failure of the principal caused a great consternation.

The next morning Mr. Wolverston went to Mr. West's house, knocked loudly at the door. John opened, holding his clothes in his arms, and rubbing his eyes, scarcely awake, it being only eight o'clock. Wolverston pushed John on one side, and on the other made his way up to Frank's bed-room.

“ Mr. West, get up, put on your clothes, and provide a friend. Mr. Bloomfield is my choice ; let them meet and decide on time and place. I desire satisfaction, as a gentleman, for the affront put on my sister, myself, and family, by your absence yesterday at dinner, which was to have been your wedding dinner.”

"I am astonished,—it quite escaped me. I thought of Colley Grattan, and forty drawings, and I forgot the contingency. However, I'll call on Fred. Plowman: he is a good-natured man, and will be, I dare say, glad to befriend me on such an occasion. You shall hear from me, Mr. Wolverston. I can't forget this, for it must supersede all mortal considerations. Es, es, doubtless, no doubt."

"Good morning to you, Mr. West"

"Good-bye, sir: excuse me from not attending you, as I am almost naked, and I may say, indeed, forlorn. Es, es."

The parties had agreed to walk to the Fifteen Acres, in the Phœnix Park, a common ground for duelling. They all happened to join at the Phœnix, when Bloomfield began to converse aloud with West on the subject, saying, that he feared misunderstanding only had betrayed the gentlemen into a mortal conflict. West observed, "that he had excused himself by having really forgotten the engagement;—that he had been long afflicted with absence of mind;—that he came to answer Mr. Wolverston's message, and, if he escaped death, he would try if the lady would accept his apology or excuse. If so, he would become her husband."

"Oh, sir," said Wolverston, "you did not say

so to me: had you made such declaration, we should not have proceeded so far, and I beg to stop the business, even in this advanced stage. I would not, nor will I, raise my hand against the man that may to-morrow call me brother. Mr. West, I offer you my hand, and I am satisfied without hostility. You'll be pleased to return with us."

They went to Wolverston's house, where West and Miss Wolverston were married, and the whole party of duellists were toned down to rational beings, and enjoyed themselves drinking toasts, good wishes, &c. &c.

Poor West was finally thrust into the bedroom, and began to pray. He remained so long at prayer, the lady begged of him to stir up the fire and warm himself. He begged pardon for disturbing her,—he thought she had been asleep. He raised the fire, and warmed himself; he had been extremely cold. Mrs. West, finding he had no idea of coming to bed, recommended him to avail himself of preparing whilst the fire lasted. He obeyed, and approached the bed; but, in getting in, he mistook the side of the bed which he had intended to occupy, by which mistake he happened to lay his hand on the lady's shoulder. He started up, saying,—“I beg your pardon, ma'am, for making so free. I'll go to the other side.”

“No, no, don’t trouble yourself, I can move and leave you room enough. This bed will hold three or four.”

So saying, she removed to the other side, and she requested he would get into bed and out of the cold. He then lay down, and began to converse on the force of habit. How odd changes of situation must prove at first, but that time, he supposed, would regulate all, and a mutual understanding take place! Still he lay, half in and half out o’ the bed. The lady then requested he would either get fairly into bed, or rise and put on his clothes;—that she felt responsible for his health, but if he persisted in this weakness, cold inevitably must destroy him. He then got under the clothes, and for the first time fairly into bed. She settled the bed-clothes snug, and recommended him to try and get a little rest. Still he had a propensity to converse and linger on the scene. “I’m sure, ma’am, I am obliged to you for all your care of me. I think we ought to have some friends to dine with us. There’s poor Billy Sadler; he has a large family of small children. We can give them a leg of mutton and vegetables, turnips, parsnips, carrots, &c.; the children will eat a deal of these vegetables. Es, es, doubtless, no doubt, *were the last words heard on that night.*”

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THE PRIVATE THEATRE, FISHAMBLE STREET.

WHEN I had been a short time engaged in trade, Mr. Frederick Jones called on me, and after salutation, he expressed his surprise at finding me in business as a tradesman, recollecting how lately he had sat to me as a painter in the town of Kells. I told him trade was a more certain occupation than painting, and particularly for a married man, to which station I had the fortune, whether good or bad, of having arrived. He then told me of a notion he had conceived of getting up a private theatre on an elegant and extensive plan, that would require premises of great space ; and asked me if I could direct him to any building that might suit his purpose. I mentioned Fishamble Street. He observed, there would be a good subscription from persons of the first rank, and he should feel obliged if I would accompany him to view it. I accordingly attended him, and on our way I pointed out the great advantages of having a shell, so appropriate

for his plan, that he could decorate it as he wished, but that must not be made known until he got it into his possession ; and that I thought it might be had a bargain, from its having been some time on hands with the proprietor.

We arrived, and found the owner at home. Saw the house and all its appurtenances. We inquired the lowest terms. It was to be let by lease at £80 per annum. Mr. Jones, in a hasty manner, decried its value, and said £60 was enough, and he would give no more ; his offer was as hastily rejected ; and he turned on his heel and went away. I spoke to the proprietor civilly, and excused Mr. Jones on the score of incompetency to estimate its true value ; and I added, that I would advise him to agree to the rent of £80, and if I should succeed, we would return.

I then followed Mr. Jones, pointed out the necessity of securing it, for should the owner learn who were to be the performers, double that sum would not be taken. I advised him to return, and let me write a few lines of agreement, have it signed, and I should witness and give earnest, to all of which he consented, and the next day he got possession, then set men to work to make the house perfectly secure to receive an audience. Lord Westmeath induced Valdre, an Italian artist,

to direct the ornamental parts, to paint the ceiling and proscenium, also some capital scenes. I added my mite, and painted two figures, Tragedy and Comedy, for the front, and also a chamber of portraits for the School for Scandal. When finished, so splendid, tasteful, and beautiful a theatre, for the size, could not be found, I may say, in the three kingdoms; indeed, I never saw any thing comparable with it on the continent. The subscribers now thronged, the first men in the land, and from these were selected the performers, who were for the greater part worthy of the house. The *dramatis personæ* were as follows:—Captain Ashe, Mr. Charles Powel Leslie, Mr. Cromwell Price, Mr. Lyster, Mr. Westenra, Mr. Humphrey Butler, Col. Robert Howard, Mr. Thomas Goold, Mr. M'Clintoc, Mr. Allen M'Clean, Mr. J. Crampton, Col. Edward Nugent, Colonel Barry, Lord Westmeath, Sir Charles Vernon, Mr. Frederick Falkner, Sir Edward Denny, Mr. Wanderford Butler, and Mr. Hamy Stewart, &c.

If I may be allowed to give my opinion of their merits, I shall begin with Capt. Ashe, as he was the heart, the life-blood of the company. His person was in height about five feet eight inches, rather corpulent, a mixed resemblance of face and figure of the late Charles James Fox, and the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, yet he was

perfectly agile, from his muscular power, which was very considerable: for example, in Sir Harry, in "High Life below Stairs," he danced the mock minuet on the point of his toes, to the astonishment of the audience; and in Midas, whilst sitting in his chair, with Pan squatted beside him, one leg thrown up on the other, he laid hold of his foot, and with apparent ease scratched his ear with his toe. He had a command of expression from deep feeling to grotesque burletta, from the flexibility of the muscles of the face; no man could be more general in dramatic display. I saw him in Hamlet, Beverly, Pierre, Octavian, Captain Absolute, Joseph Surface, Macheath, Midas, Lenitive, Lingo, Sir Harry. In many of these he was nearly perfection itself; it would be weak praise to say he gave satisfaction; excepting Ryder, I never saw any man possess so many endowments for the stage, and whether on or off the boards, he was the delight of his hearers.

Mr. Leslie was a great acquisition to the party: he was a fine sententious speaker, well read in the drama, and skilled in effective points; he was a gentleman of the old and *best* school, and had seen, and studied from, Garrick, Mossop, Barry, &c. He performed King John, Sciolto, Priuli, and though last, not least, in our esteem, Sir Oliver Surface: that character in his hand as-

sumed a weight and importance that made it capital.

Mr. Cromwell Price had great requisites: he was a tall, well-made figure, handsome face, his voice inclining more to the tender than powerful; he was graceful, and had a good idea of stage business, very prepossessing. In Jaffier, Falconbridge, Charles, in the "School for Scandal," Lionel, &c. he was received with enthusiastic applause, the strongest test of good acting.

Mr. Humphrey Butler was a nice well-made figure, of the middle size, always well dressed, and looked his character like an experienced performer; he also ranged in many lines, Lothario, Belcour, Sadi, Label, Trip,—in these he made impressions on his audience always favourable, and equal to any performer in these characters.

Colonel Robert Howard was unique in his style of acting; whatever he attempted approached to excellence; there was a quaintness of manner that served him, particularly in Acres—he was the best I ever saw on any stage.

Mr. Hamy Stewart was a genuine son of humour; his Moses, in the "School for Scandal," appeared just imported from Duke's Place.

Mr. T. Goold was a fine spirited actor, and chose a line of character in which he excelled. I saw him in Lord Duke, Jessamy, Bowkit: those

were all finished performances, perhaps the last was the best. I never witnessed any such treatment by a professor, it was highly wrought and perfectly true to nature.

Mr. J. Crampton was a striking performer in Sir Lucius O'Trigger; he was gentlemanlike, and yet very whimsical and entertaining; his Bagatelle was clever, but his Pan was a *chef-d'œuvre*,—it was a fine graphic exhibition of the character. He also played the Sultan, and made it a very finely dressed part. He seemed to value himself, as he came into the green-room, and asked me, "Well, Mr. Painter, how do you like my dress; do you think I make a good Sultan?" "So great a Musselman must needs make a good Sultan," I replied. The laugh went about the green-room, and poor Mr. Crampton got displeased with me, and never relaxed during his whole life. If I were guilty, it was but a venal sin, and to be visited upon a poor punster so severely, was provoking; in vain I tried to assuage his prepossession against me, at length I gave it up, yet never lost my regard, for I considered him an excellent gentleman, and a fine muscular figure. No painter could avoid, if he spoke truth, to compliment him on that score at least.

Mr. Lyster was a finished actor. In Sir Anthony Absolute he had no superior, in public or pri-

vate ; he also played Hardcastle and Stukely well. He was uncommonly conversant with stage business, and could have sustained a high character on the public stage.

Lord Westmeath, in Father Luke, was natural and humorous. His style was original, too, which gave it more value ; and particularly as that part had been so well acted by the inimitable O'Reilly.

Sir Charles Vernon, in Signior Arionelli, was a host in himself. He was only surpassed by Mrs. Daly, who had acquired the highest reputation as an actress from her performance of that character.

Mr. Frederick E. Jones had a difficult task to execute, the management, arranging, and keeping the party together : it surprised me, his being able to take any character. However, he did perform Octavian, Glo'ster, and other parts out of my recollection. One I remember — Major O'Flaherty. This part he performed with great credit ; but he did not value himself on it. He felt rather hurt at being complimented on the occasion. Such a Major now on the London boards would command a good salary. However, Mr. Jones's forte was not personification. He excelled in preparing the dramatic feast, and made an excellent manager of the private theatre. Some of the performers I have not included in

this critique, as I cannot call to mind the characters they performed,—therefore I trust the reader will not censure me for slight or neglect. I have only to say, they were all respectable: in the scene I never recollect a defaulter, except a gentleman, through illness, that was absent on the night of King John. He was to have performed the Citizen on the Walls. I was in consequence intreated to read the part; my sight being weak, I could not attempt to read any part, so took the book, and got ready against the time, and spoke it. I had the pleasure of receiving not only thanks, but compliments from the gentlemen, and heard some come round from the boxes to the green-room to inquire who played the Citizen on the Walls,—that it was well done. I should not have written so much on this subject, had not a peculiar circumstance occurred to me relative to a severe critique, written by some ill-natured person at the time of the Fishamble Street performances. It was attributed to me. One day at the rehearsal of the School for Scandal, I was on the stage to note Miss Atkins's Maria; Captain Ashe, as Joseph, held her hand; the prompter said, "Mr. Ashe," the stage waits.

"I'll not rehearse," said he, "whilst that gentleman is present," looking at me.

"Do you mean me, sir," said I.

"I do," was the reply.

"May I ask the cause?"

"Why, you are accused of being the writer of some critiques that have appeared in the magazines, not alone invidious, but of an insulting nature ; therefore, I have resolved neither to rehearse nor perform if you are admitted."

"Allow me, sir, to ask you, do you believe your informant?"

"I see you change colour, and that looks very like it."

"If I do change colour, it is from so unwarrantable an attack : perhaps I may change again,—and that you may witness it fully, I will take off my hat. But, sir, if change of colour is a proof of guilt, had you a looking-glass, you would fall under your own condemnation. I appeal to the gentlemen around, to many of whom I owe much ; to my own character I also stand indebted ; therefore I will say that, admitted, as I have been here, to the confidence of persons of such high rank and talent, to be thought capable of abusing such trust, and in a manner so mean, so despicable,—to become a writer of such vile trash, it would render me more contemptible in my own opinion than I can well convey. I again, under these considerations, respectfully solicit the free

opinion of any gentleman present; and, should there be one found, I shall bow to his decree."

Upon these words the whole party, who had been aware of Captain Ashe's intent, came forward simultaneously, and several took me by the hand and declared they had not believed the information. Captain Ashe then approached me, saying,—“ Sir, your explanation has been so ingenuous and satisfactory, the general opinion also so favourable to you, I am convinced I have been imposed upon, and am sorry those words have escaped me from a wrong impression. I am certain you are not the writer, and I give you my hand as a proof.” “ I feel doubly bound to you, sir, for the investigation, which has relieved me from a load that must have, in the end, injured me, and for the handsome manner you close this scene. To all the gentlemen, I am greatly indebted for their good opinion;—the informer I forgive: he must have spoken from surmise. He will profit, I hope, by this day's work.” I found afterwards the informer was the husband of one of the actresses recommended by me to Mr. Jones,—and she was then enjoying a lucrative engagement in the theatre of Fishamble Street. So much for gratitude!

I also recommended Miss Champion, who was then the next best actress to Mrs. Siddons. She

married Mr. Pope, of Covent Garden, and was a great favourite. She died of apoplexy, in the meridian of her professional career, and we have not seen her superior since her demise, except in Miss Smith.

Miss Smith has approached nearer to Siddons; she has been, since Mrs. Pope's time, and was considered a pocket edition of that eminent actress, Siddons, from her likeness in face, character, and style of performing. It is unaccountable her not being at either of the London houses, for those who have not seen Mrs. Siddons might form strong conceptions of what that wonder in the art possessed.

It is now asserted there is a wish to renew the legitimate drama, in place of the ribaldry that the public are necessarily obliged to endure. If such wish is at heart, Mrs. Bartley, *formerly Miss Smith*, will be a great acquisition to the company, and a high treat to the lovers of the drama.

Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Mahon, and Mrs. Addison, made up the ladies; Miss Champion the younger performed Leonora, in the Padlock, and I thought with great interest. Why she did not continue to act I know not. She was very handsome, and must have been a favourite. She became Mrs. Jones, and I believe is still a survivor, and was a supervisor of those scenes I have attempted to display.

The private theatre was so great a treat, that the viceroy and his suite were frequently entertained there. So high did Mr. Jones stand in his lordship's estimation, that a patent for a public theatre was given to him, and he became the master of Crow Street Theatre. Should this work of mine be approved of by the public, I mean, in a Second Series, to give an account of Mr. Jones's management, and of the catastrophe that levelled that house with the dust.

I have also prepared some anecdotes, including English varieties ;—some of the Liverpool Theatre,—of Mr. Aickin, the proprietor, Miss Melon, now Duchess of St. Albans, Miss Murray, &c.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

IN good old peaceful times, when Christianity
 was both simple and pure,
 When bishops travell'd bare-legg'd, preaching the
 gospel, and going from door to door,
 When distinctions were not so very numerous
 between the rich and the poor,
 And should any difference arise, do as you'd be
 done by, was the only cure,—
 This was moderation, moderation, oh! 'twas
 wonderful moderation!

But ambition and avarice soon turn'd Christianity
 upside down,
 For religion became the law of the land, and so
 strongly interwoven with the crown
 That we had pope, cardinals, prelates, then dig-
 nified and multiplied clergy in ev'ry country and
 in ev'ry town,
 With the inquisition at their beck to force their
 anathemas with a tremendous frown.
 This was alteration, alteration, oh! 'twas a won-
 derful alteration!

The true church militant was then establish'd, the
first that ever had occur'd,

The clergy, clad in armour, led thousands forth,
spreading destruction with the cross and the
sword;

So powerful were their arguments, to deny their
influence would have been consider'd a thing
very absurd,

So that few countries escaped from paying homage
and tribute to his holiness in ev'ry sense of
the word.

Not without altercation, altercation, oh! 'twas
wonderful altercation!

For ages were men thus subjugated, until a de-
termined British king threw off the yoke,—I
think they call'd him Harry—

He was an Anglo-Turk, from his inordinate pro-
pensities, at all seasons and at all times, to
marry;

And being of an impatient temper, he kick'd
against Bulls and Dispensations, for he could
no longer tarry,

So that, if one wife displeased him, he cut off her
head to make room for another; his will being
made law, enabled him his fav'rite point to
carry,

And that he call'd reformation, reformation, oh!
'twas wonderful reformation!

In those days a learned divine, call'd Martin Luther, came from afar, a missionary to the Catholic Church at Rome,

He was disgusted at the licentiousness of the priesthood, and the errors and innovations on Christian doctrine, all of which he witnessed, and made known on his return home ;

He then drew up an appeal, with a plan of mild reform, which was submitted to his holiness, who then sat under St. Peter's dome ;

But Leo the Tenth, not having taken kindly the appeal, would not correct the evils ;—he only anathematis'd Luther, which made him so rage and foam

At excommunication, excommunication, oh ! wonderful excommunication !

If the Pope denounced Luther, Luther doubly denounced the Pope, by vehement preaching and writing violently, without dread or fear, Making proselytes in ev'ry country, his improv'd doctrines were so consistent and clear ;

At length they fell into old Harry's clutches, who husbanded them so very dear,

That he established it as the Church of England, and left it a legacy to be defended by his son with the greatest care.

This was protestation, protestation, oh ! wonderful protestation !

Many attempts have been made, since Harry's time, to re-establish popery, but all have been in the end frustrated ;

William the Third finally decided that question by the battle at Oldridge, where he his father-in-law so manfully defeated ;

Then did he place the establish'd church on a firm basis ; and himself on the throne of England securely seated,

By a watchful, steady, and decided government, he took care that all papal Bulls should be most effectually baited.

This was restoration, restoration, oh ! 'twas wonderful restoration !

His memory is still toasted, who put down intolerance and inquisitorial rule,

And the man who prefers such government must, at best, be a decided fool ;

Mindful of his valorous defence of the good old cause, his statue is annually decorated, that emulation in the minds of well-affected men may never cool ;

Emblematic colours are worn by social companies, form'd to stimulate men to imitate his great example, who never permitted himself to be made a corrupted tool.

And this is called commemoration, commemoration, oh ! wonderful commemoration !

Those doings have always annoy'd the Roman Catholics, but of late have fill'd them with trepidation and alarm,

For they not only felt insulted, but fear'd it was intended to do them some bodily harm ;

And their advisers, who mistake coolness to be cowardice, and passion to be courage, are always stirring them up by arguments overheated and warm,

So that agitators, on both sides, have filled them with rancorous hatred for each other, that they work up just like barm,

And this is call'd fermentation, fermentation, oh ! wonderful fermentation !

It must be observ'd that the Roman Catholics have got relief'd from many disabilities within the space of the last fifty years,

Which has given them rights to enjoy situations and privileges little short of common councilmen and sheriff's peers ;

And could the government be secured against the papal influence, so that the constitutional functionaries should not be set together by the ears, There is no doubt but they would soon be enabled to get completely rid of all their weak surmises and intolerable fears,

By emancipation, emancipation, oh ! wonderful emancipation !

In this posture of affairs, his gracious Majesty
George the Fourth intimated his intention of vi-
siting his Irish dominions at no very distant day,
Then each party call'd a meeting that preparation
might be made for his reception, so that when
he should come, they would know what to do
and what to say ;

The Catholics rehearsed their complaints, intend-
ing to make them a subject (after salutation)
for the royal ear, by the way,

When fresh advices declared that the king would
set off immediately for Dublin, that is, with the
least possible delay

After the coronation, coronation, the wonder-
ful, &c.

The good sense of the Roman Catholics caused
them to change their intentions of annoying,
with their complaints, the royal ear ;

And they propos'd having a public dinner to cele-
brate the coronation, at which was expected
the very best of good cheer ;

Then an unexpected proposal came from the Pro-
testants to the Catholics so very distinct and clear,
That all hostilities and jealousies should cease,
and both parties assemble at dinner without
any doubt or fear

At the celebration, celebration, oh ! the wonder-
ful, &c.

This proposal was accepted, the parties reconciled,
and nothing but the general happiness was then
in view,

When, lo ! on the 12th of July, King William was
dress'd up, as usual, in orange and in blue ;

The Catholics, fill'd with disgust and horror, pro-
ceed by revoking their compromise and form-
ing resolutions anew,

When the lord mayor declared it was done in de-
fiance of his orders, without his knowledge, and
by some persons that nobody knew ;

This caused reconciliation, reconciliation, oh !
wonderful, &c.

Then came the great and aggregate meeting at
the Royal Exchange, which took men of all
parties into the ring,—

There was such shaking and squeezing of hands
between the Roman Catholic advocate, O'Con-
nell, and the lord mayor, Abraham Bradley
King ;

Then came Sir E. Stanley, dressing counsellor
O'Gorman in blue silk, like King William.

This was really an excellent thing.

And master Ellis, caressing Ned Conlan, the
brewer. At this sight you could not, if you
had a stave left, refuse to sing

Tergiversation, tergiversation, oh ! wonderful,
&c.

And now the king is expected to land at Dunleary, great preparations are made all along the shore ; Engineers are moving mountains, levelling roads, raising fences, erecting scaffolds, seats, pavilions, and twenty thousand things more.

The commissioners, swelled with importance, look big at their officers ; the officers, in their turn, swell at the people ; at which the people feel uncommonly sore ;

And this was all but expectation, expectation, oh ! it was wonderful expectation.

And now the long-wish'd-for day is come. His Majesty's fleet is seen off Dunleary, where you'd think half the world had collected.

The fleet have come to anchor under the salutation guns of batteries and cruizers, when all eyes on the Royal George Yacht were turn'd and directed.

But no King appearing on board, it is surmised that his Majesty has put in at Howth ; and at ten o'clock at night this wonderful step is much more than suspected.

The king's landing at Howth is confirmed. It gives a death-blow to the hopes of the south-side company : the disappointment is felt the greater, as it was so unexpected.

This may be called extra vexation, extra vexation, oh ! it was wonderful extra vexation.

His Majesty's reception, on landing, was so flattering that he was induced to extend, on all sides, his royal hand.

The people throng'd and press'd around him, anxious to see their sovereign on so good a footing in their devoted land.

And, tho' evidently fatigued, he, with the greatest affability, did for several minutes stand.

At length he gain'd his carriage, which bore him off amidst the proudest cheers, to his palace in the Phoenix Park, where he was to take the command.

This was consummation, consummation, oh ! 'twas wonderful consummation.

The king's grand entry into Dublin next takes place, attended by his noble peers and all the officers of state.

The procession moved on in regular order, without impediment, until his Majesty and suite had arrived at the City Gate,

When Athlone, herald-at-arms, made proclamation that King George the Fourth into the City of Dublin desired to be admitted straight.

Then you could see the army, navy, church, bar, college, custom-house, with all the attendants and dependants that on their betters wait,—

A trick of the corporation, corporation, oh ! 'twas a wonderful corporation.

And now the lord mayor presents the city keys,
and on his knee doth humbly bend ;

His Majesty, tho' teased and tired, submits with
courteous patience ; yet seems anxious that
this city mummary would have an end.

Then the lord mayor and his party, common coun-
cil and citizens, with the procession unite and
blend.

The recorder speaks a speech, by way of address,
to his Majesty, to which the king did most
graciously attend,

To this exhortation, exhortation, oh ! 'twas won-
derful, &c.

Of the city now made free, his Majesty proceeds
in open carriage, happy at being relieved from
the usual precautionary cares and fears.

He passes thro' a multitude of his joyous people
of all classes, arranged in the streets ; some on
benches ; others in windows and tops of houses,
in rows and tiers,—

A spectacle so splendid (if ever) hath not been
seen for some hundreds of years ;—

A great and mighty king visiting his subjects in
Ireland, and finding such unfeigned and hearty
welcome made known by their shouts and
cheers.

It was acclamation, acclamation, a happy and
wonderful, &c.

His Majesty is next seen on horseback viewing his troops in the Phoenix Park, and occasionally giving them the royal word,

Which shewed (if necessity required) the king was as well acquainted with the use as the power of the sword.

He was pleased to compliment the officers and men on their skill and quickness of manœuvre, which, to his Majesty and to thousands of spectators, did such great entertainment afford,

That again did his Majesty repeat his praise to the officers, to whom he gave a dinner that day at his splendid board.

Now, this was truly approbation, approbation, oh! it was wonderful approbation.

The next day, being Sunday, his Majesty attended divine service at church; after which he held a royal levee, at which many of motley character attended.

The chamberlain's order for the next evening was, in consequence, ordered to be amended.

It was expected no gentleman would come but such as had to attend ladies. This kept the vulgar at home,—many of whom it most sorely offended;

But it enabled his Majesty to receive the ladies that attended with more ease when the ceremony of presentation ended.

This was royal presentation, presentation, it was wonderful, &c.

His Majesty next visited some public establishments ; and first, that very useful one, called The Linen Hall.

Then did the King go to view the National Bank, formerly the House of Parliament, but now used as a house of call ;—

With these points in mind, he expected to have met the governors, directors, with their attendants, clerks, and all ;

Instead of which he beheld a tavern, and, in the former House of Lords, a house of ladies dressed out as if for an assembly or ball.

This produced consternation, consternation, oh ! 'twas wonderful, &c.

The Dublin Society now prepare a breakfast, and receive his Majesty in the tented field.

The King most graciously attended, and, not to be offended at what he found the people's liking, was induced his own taste to yield ;

Yet plainly show'd, by his manner of tasting, that feeding was not the chief consideration of every king that doth a sceptre wield.

To convey reproof, yet avoid showing disgust, he shortened his visit, which saved him from extra feeding, and from indigestion did his royal stomach shield.

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Yet it showed his disapprobation, disapprobation,
oh ! wonderful disapprobation.

The King was induced (though reluctant to feeding) to dine at Trinity College, where he met the best of good fellowship, with plenty of excellent malt.

He was addressed by a very *odd fellow*, who, though a good scholar, could not entertain his Majesty with either poetic taste or attic salt.

The address, though it came off but lamely, was amply made up in feeding, which did in no instance either limp or halt.

All went off smoothly ;—the dinner was well served, and better eaten ;—the wine of the purest quality, brought directly from a long and cool repose in the sunken vault.

This was mastication, mastication, oh ! 'twas, &c.

The lord mayor and aldermen, though well affected to church and king, have great reliance upon the good things of *this life*, and also to avoid getting thinner,

Resolved on building a circular room, capable of entertaining his Majesty, and permit themselves and the corporate bodies to expand at dinner.

This cost several thousand pounds ; but, whoever lost, the worshipful lord mayor, by getting a baronetcy, became a winner.

This made him smile, and made his Joan a lady.

The two sheriffs, in being knighted, each, in addressing his wife, became a grinner.

Oh ! this was royal remuneration, remuneration ;
oh ! it was wonderful remuneration.

His Majesty, having promised relief to the Roman Catholics, fixed upon his return to England ; and on the third of September it accordingly took place from Kingstown, where some fifty thousand persons had collected.

There was O'Connell on his knee, with a laurel wreath in his hand, and an address in his mouth. The one was not spoken, nor the other presented, as his Majesty and the other party were inseparably connected.

The King thus escaped this and many other addresses, by making a most gracious speech to his affectionate people, whom he visited with pleasure, and parted from with regret ; this was as much as could reasonably be expected.

The crowd closing and pressing about the King, he hasten'd to the boat, which conveyed him to the yacht, as it was order'd and directed.

This was embarkation, embarkation ; oh ! it was wonderful embarkation.

PATCH-WORK.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

IN ancient times, odd pranks were play'd,
 At which we moderns laugh :
 Some folk, religiously array'd,
 Adored a golden calf.

Idolaters they were, no doubt,
 While we bear Christian name ;
 Then let us try the matter out,
 Which age is most to blame.

We scourge the ancients for their calf,
 While we deserve the rod,
 For gold is still an idol chief,
 And money is our God.

SONG.

Tune—The Grinder.

THO' poets, depending on gain,
 May praise a rich fool as they find him ;
 Let folly or vice shew in grain,
 My song is a mill that shall grind 'em.
 Terry hi ho, hi ho, &c.

The peasants that toil in the field,—

Some reaping, while others are binding,
If a plentiful crop it should yield,
Must lead to a very fair grinding.

Terry hi ho, &c.

But the forestaller flings his gold dust,

While the farmer perceives his eyes blinding;
Then the devil steps in upon trust,
While the face of the poor is kept grinding.

Terry hi ho, &c.

Forestalling is now quite the rage,

Thro' all ranks of life it keeps winding,
Search the pulpit, the bar, or the stage,
You'll find humble merit a grinding.

Terry hi ho, &c.

The curate must constantly pray,

At his duty you ever shall find him,
But the rector forestalls him in pay,
And does little or nothing but grind him.

Terry hi ho, &c.

Let a young man appear at the bar

With talent, but no friends to mind him;
The old wigs then commenced the big war,
And the judge lends a hand for to grind him.

Terry hi ho, &c.

On the stage should a genius appear,
 The actors seem happy to find him ;
 But they poison the manager's ear,
 Who never refuses to grind him.
 Terry hi ho, &c.

Physicians were formerly paid,
 Their recipe then was thought binding ;
 But quacks have now forstalled their trade,
 And with pills our guts they keep grinding.
 Terry hi ho, &c.

A DEFENCE OF ACTING.

*Lines intended for Mr. Cobbett, on his vulgar
 attack of the Drama.*

WHY censure acting as an idle trade?
 A play'r must be born, he can't be made ;
 So must a poet, painter, or musician.
 A parson may be made, or a physician,
 Lawyer, or statesman, soldier, men of parts,
 Yet these men all despise what's call'd fine arts ;
 At least they undervalue the professors,
 And hold them off as if they were transgressors.
 The law deems actors vagrants, idle rabble,
 Who live by others' nonsense, which they gabble ;
 And should they dare, unlicens'd, take their stand,
 The justice lays on them with heavy hand.

Yet should a lucky actor gain a name
Above his fellows on the road to fame,
His company is sought, he's ask'd to dine,—
A splendid party and the best of wine.
My lord first draws him out to hear him speak,
His words are swallow'd down at ev'ry break,
His language eloquent, his accent pure;
A classic scholar, too, he feels secure.
A bishop marvels and a judge amaz'd,
They had condemn'd him, now they hear him
 prais'd,
Their verdict chang'd they lay aside their scorn,
And could attend to him from night till morn;
The guests are men of rank and men of station,
Public speakers, rulers of the nation;
They all feel edifi'd by what they hear,
And form a style expressive, bold and clear.
The parson takes a hint from the profane,
The lawyer flatters, having points to gain;
Well pleas'd are all with what they have acquir'd,—
The vagrant sinks, the actor is admir'd.
A round of invitations on him wait,
He finds a welcome entrance at each gate;
This patronage so flattering, so fair,
Is it intended for the play, or play'r?
For neither,—'tis for *self*, that's past all doubt,
The art or actor is not thought about.

PLAN FOR RELIEVING THE IRISH PEASANTRY PERMANENTLY.

Oh, could I live to see my country shine,
Those sable rocks invite the tuneful nine ;
Those barren cliffs, with bays immortal smile,
And Phœbus bless his once-beloved isle !
Oh, then, well pleas'd, with life itself I'd part,
My country's glory throbbing at my heart.

DE LA COUR.

THE miserable state of poverty with which the Irish peasantry and poor of the working classes have been lately afflicted, had arrived to such a deplorable crisis, that many died of want ; and had not the aid of that liberal subscription so promptly begun, and attended to with so much alacrity and spirit, been timely administered, doubtless thousands must have perished by famine. Contributors throughout the three kingdoms came forward simultaneously with sympathetic feelings of charity and benevolence. Amongst these liberals, London evinced a noble example of heart and hand : to all and every one of those praiseworthy characters, what is not due, every encomium that gratitude can conceive, but words poorly express.

What a melancholy reflection, after so great an achievement, that it afforded but a temporary relief to the sufferers. They are destitute, and

without employment : so that, unless some useful plan of occupation may be devised that would afford them permanent support, a return of the calamity is inevitable.

It was hoped that parliament would have taken into consideration their helpless condition. Poor-rates were talked of, but nothing yet has been done in that quarter : it has hitherto been the custom to pass over Irish claims, and never think of recommendation. Such a practice must be reversed at the recurrence of famine. The population has become so immense, notwithstanding the numbers that have emigrated to Canada, Van Dieman's Land, &c., that if they cannot find means of existence, they must cry aloud for bread ; and who that has it will be hardy enough to give such cries a deaf ear ?

When it is considered the great interest and attention the Reform Bill has exclusively commanded, one cannot be surprised at other important matters having been deferred : whether Ireland may, from the present good and virtuous administration, claim attention, will, we trust, soon be made known : if she should not be attended to by them, or heard, all our sanguine hopes must sink into despair. Meantime it may be useful to point out ample means that are at hand, without resorting to foreign countries. Whole tracts of unreclaimed ground, throughout

Ireland, lying useless to the proprietors. Often has it been recommended to cultivate them, but the expense was considered positive, and requiring immediate and ample funds ; whereas the emolument appeared negative ; but, if not, so distant the prospect of return, the idea was always scouted,—for profit was the only object the land-owners had in view,—the situation of the peasantry, and the advantages that might have fallen to their lot, formed no part of their consideration ; if ever those poor slaves attracted the notice of the great, they were held at such an immeasurable distance, and with such contempt and disgust, as must have alienated their affections entirely from their wealthy masters. Such were the feelings in general of the higher classes in Ireland to their fellow-men. Yet, however high the great may hold themselves, they are cast in the same mould as the most humble ; and if we look to talent, we shall find a great portion diffused through the lower ranks. So far did this spirit of dislike prevail, that whenever it was proposed to educate the children of the peasantry, the proposal met with a decided opposition, in the time of the Irish parliament.

Educate them, said a speaker of some note, and they become unmanageable. No ; they are an over-match for us, as it is, by their cun-

ning ; but school them, and they will soon become your teachers—nay, your masters in everything : in fine, the point was given up. Thanks to Providence, by the perseverance of good men, Joseph Lancaster and others, a system of education has crept in, so simple in mode, and so facile to both master and scholar, that improvements in the rising generation may be fairly expected, at no very distant period. With such a prospect of happy change, would it not be desirable to put these poor creatures in possession of some means that, by honest industry, they may better their situation,—and particularly where it may be done without loss to the giver ? Let us suppose those lands parcelled out in lots of as many acres as, when reclaimed, would yield to each tenant support for him and his family ;—let him have a long lease, and, for the first ten years, rent free, and after that period, at a moderate rent, which, if not regularly paid, the land to be at the command of the proprietor until the arrears are paid, the ground to be then returned to the tenant ; but in no case is he to be turned out ; nor should it be let, as it is called, over his head : the peasant not to have the power of disposing of it neither : should it devolve to his family, or next of kin.

This little stake in the country would set the poor fellows to work, and no stone would be left unturned to accomplish their object. They na-

turally would assist each other : being all equally favoured, no jealousy could exist ; there would be no time for nightly meetings, nor burnings, nor for excitement to drinking to excess : therefore, we might reasonably hope that horrid crime of murder would cease altogether, for there would be no existing cause of irritation to goad them to such a savage act of revenge :—there would be no middle men, drivers, nor proctors. Tithes could never be thought of under such a meagre establishment, where nothing less than herculean labour, with persevering spirit, like their's, could hope to render it worthy of use beyond the wants of this forlorn race. After ten years, should tithes be demanded, perhaps at that period some modification or arrangement of tithes may have taken place that will not press hard upon them. No doubt, the clergy will bear a part in this laudable plan, particularly when they find the population tranquillized, their morals improved, industry extending her powerful aid, and the face of the country assuming an aspect truly gratifying to the eye and the heart of the feeling traveller. Hills and land now covered with stones, or barren excrescences, to see those hills, &c. studded with decent cottages, and striped with variegated verdure, and the inhabitants reclaimed with the land, we may say to the clergy in the words of the immortal bard, “it is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.”

Notwithstanding all that has been advanced here, or on former attempts, to deliver the Irish cottagers from their forlorn state, there may be some of the high class yet left, who retain that fixed aversion to any change being made, favourable to the views of the humble labourer in the field. Surely, a little reflection will shew, that pressure neither makes them useful nor pleasing that severity has been found, on a long and painful trial, to have failed altogether. Would it not be advisable to try what an opposite mode of treatment might accomplish: in diseases of long chronic affection, alteratives are often found salutary; this is well known to every thinking person that knows any thing of the economy of human life; and are not bad habits in manners, modes, or systems of government liable to disease, and require reform, at least to eradicate the evil? The present times give proof of this fully to any unbiassed reader. On the other hand, there are several of the Irish nobles and gentry who, from long residence in England, have, by comparison, drawn inferences between the English peasantry and those of their own country; and it is satisfactory to find many yield to the feelings of humanity that such a picture of different usage displays, they will be inclined and friendly to the division of uncultivated lands. It is to such liberal-minded, these lines are addressed, and not

to those self-approving beings, who look down on every person whose rank in life is not on an equality with their own. What avails rank, however elevated, if the man who bears a dignified title, or fills a lofty station, be not high-minded. How happy then should we consider ourselves at this awful period, when revolt has become so general, not only over Europe, but in more distant quarters of the world, to be blest, as we are, with the best of kings, who has a heart to feel for the interests of his people and their happiness, and a head to select the most wise and virtuous administration that has graced this cabinet for many years. Such virtue must triumph! Neither his Majesty nor his ministers will think themselves above attending to the wants of the most humble of subjects under their protection, and particularly when those subjects have been born in poverty and doomed to slavery, if not raised by the fostering hand of the great and powerful.

To the present government, then, is this simple plan of effectual relief and permanent support for the Irish poor, with the greatest respect, most humbly submitted. Should the work begin with them, I mean the division under the control of the crown, there are many nobles and gentlemen, exclusive of these already described, who would vie with the government, and imitate their example. Ultimately there could be no loss, but a consider-

able gain, to proprietors, for their incomes would be incalculably increased when cultivation should become general; perhaps a prospect of that kind might change the sentiments of the cold and unfeeling respecting the poor tenantry, for as the profits would commence after ten years, they would not hesitate, as the sooner the grant should be made, the sooner the rent would be forthcoming.

The writer of these lines trusts to the candid reader, that his general character of the higher class in Ireland, so far as has regarded the poor, will not be ascribed to an invidious disposition in him,—such a feeling he utterly disclaims; it became necessary, in stating the melancholy situation of the unfortunate, that he should show to the English nation, *a country where such treatment is, thank God, unknown!* What impediments lay before these helpless mortals, which, from their formidable structure, have quite opposed their progress towards civilization. He declares solemnly he has not used a severe expression that has not come from the lips of persons of high consideration; he has been a reluctant spectator and observer of the privations of his indigent countrymen for upwards of half a century, and to his regret, without the power or means of redressing them; he has travelled nearly through the kingdom; has often been an inmate, from the splendid

mansion of the peer to the humble cabin of the peasant; he has been hospitably received by all; the poor cottager has welcomed him, a casual traveller, distant from inn or perfectly habitable dwelling; he has had share of their simple meals, and the only difficulty he ever encountered in such visits, was to contrive some mode of remuneration, for payment they would never hear of; as he ascended to higher dwellings and personages, he entered by means of introduction, but once received, he found himself perfectly at home; he has freely conversed with the nobleman, the high-bred gentleman, the wealthy farmer, the struggling laborious husbandman, and lastly, the simple poor cotier; he has already sufficiently dilated on the sentiments of the higher classes. The opinions of the farmers were of a trading kind, they having constantly to employ the poorer; they spoke of them merely as useful drudges, that never could rise, nor did they ever trouble themselves about them, more than to look to their hours of work, and pay them accordingly.

Now, the poor proprietor of the humble cot exhibited more mind, more genuine observation and tact than any of those above him, at least it interested the writer more; and with the patience of his reader, which he intreats, he will attempt to give a conversation or dialogue between him

and an intelligent peasant; the reader can then be able to judge between; he has to throw himself on the kind consideration of his candid critic, for an attempt to display character that requires a more able pen than he holds, that of a professed dramatist. The subject, he acknowledges, was to him truly interesting, for since the days of the Irish parliament, when Mr. Grattan tried to accomplish a project of this kind, it has been impressed on his mind, and the more he has considered and weighed the consequences, the deeper has the impression become.

Writer.—“ Well, Paddy, how do you get on with your little farm ? ”

Paddy.—“ Ogh ! bad enough, sir ; the times are agen us.”

W.—“ Why the times ? ”

P.—“ Ogh ! there’s no money stirrin at all, ”

W.—“ I suppose some of it goes to England.”

P.—“ Oh ! a power of money is sendin there for ever.”

W.—“ To the landlords, I suppose ? ”

P.—“ Sure enough ; I wonder what they can do with so much of it ; England must be a dear place to live in ; why, you’d think it onpossible they could want so much.”

W.—“ The rents then are regularly paid ? ”

P.—“ Oh ! if it be got at all, that must be paid, but it’s very hard to make it off o’ the land,

it's so high, and no price to be had for any thing ; but the tithe, that's the hardest of all."

W.—" Why the tithe ?"

P.—" Why, you know it must be hard on a poor man, with a small bit of ground, who has a family ; then he must give something to the priest, for he has no tithe, nor any thing to live on, but what the likes of us gives him, and God knows it is but little we can spare him ; but what we can we do. The worst is, if we don't pay the tithe before the proctor begins his work, he sweeps clean. Oh! it's terrible to think on all he gets by it."

W.—" Perhaps it would be better to put it on the land ?"

P.—" There's too much on that already. What do you think of £3 an acre for that land you see out there."

W.—" It appears a high rent."

P.—" Oh! you may say that ; very few can make it, the prices are so low at present."

W.—" Well, I suppose the agent makes some allowance in consideration of the bad times?"

P.—" Ah! you don't know him at all, I perceive. Allowance, oh! the devil an allowance will he make! nor will he wait a week beyond the time."

W.—" That's unkind ; then, I presume, the landlord seldom visits his estate!"

P.—" Oh, never! I have lived here several years, and never saw his face ; he lives abroad in

England, or some other foreign country ; and he's always sendin to the agent for money, who must get it if he finds it under a stone ; and well he gets by it, too."

W.—" How so?"

P.—" Oh ! borrows it as it were, and purtends he gives a great deal for the loan of it ; then, when our rints become due, if we don't pay, he seizes and sells, has his allowance for the costs. Oh ! let him alone ; but it all comes upon us, and that's the worst of it."

W.—" It must be a bad business when it comes to that."

P.—" Not so bad yet ; he sometimes turns us out, and gets money from another for the land we have been so long labourin to make good ; then he lets it to him."

W.—" And, what do you do then?"

P.—" Why, what can we do, we can't prevent him ; if the new tenant won't take warnin, some men from another barony come and knock his brains out."

W.—" That is dreadful indeed."

P.—" No doubt of it."

W.—" Does this happen often?"

P.—" No ; the agent begins to fear it will be his turn next, so it will be some time before he does the like again ; only for that we'd all be turned out, for he cares no more about us than he

does of the dirt o' the road ; but he gets frightened, and that keeps him quiet for some time."

W.—" They must be desperate fellows that undertake such murders."

P.—" Not always ; but they make themselves so with whiskey, then they don't care wthat they do."

W.—" Do they find it necessary to get drunk to carry their threats into execution."

P.—" Oh, certainly ! No one ever heard of any one in their sober senses doing such a thing, it's true enough."

W.—" Are they not discovered or informed on by some of the party ?"

P.—" Seldom or never, unless an informer by trade gets among 'em."

W.—" None of the party brought up in the country then are informers ?"

P.—" Oh, never ! I'll tell you more ; make 'em drunk, and you are not a bit the nearer ; some have been hanged rather than turn informers."

W.—" A most extraordinary virtue displayed in a wrong cause."

P.—" Right or wrong, put yourself in a poor man's case : they turn you into the road, sell every thing you have in the world ; there you are with your wife, your children, all starving ; a fellow is in your place that has been told not to take it, or he would be sorry ; he knew it well. Now, sir,

you are a reasonable gentleman, just tell me what you would do."

W.—"It's not easily answered, Paddy; but I think I would not commit murder."

P.—"No, nor does any man that suffers; it's done by men from a distant part, they are not known to the people here at all. Oh! God help us! for we have nothing to hope from man! Well, the man that's killed, or the man left alive, which is the best off, do you think?"

W.—"I don't know; what becomes of the living man?"

P.—"Every one gives a trifle to help him on a voyage to some foreign land."

W.—"Is that the practice generally?"

P.—"'Deed it is, sir, four times out of five."

W.—"Now, Paddy, do you think, if the mountains and waste lands were divided into lots, so as to produce about ten acres of good land when cultivated, and these leased out rent free for ten years, with some little helps of horses and agricultural implements, to be tithe free also; then, after ten years, to pay a moderate rent, not to be taken from them, but settled on their families; nor to be let over head,—do you think it would help these poor fellows and their starving families?"

P.—"Do I think it, sir—is it?"

W.—"Ay, do you understand me?"

P.—"Oh, I understand you; I have your lesson.

all by heart;—faith, I not only think it, but I am sure and sartin of it. Ogh, it would make us a great people—divil the likes of us would be on the face of the earth; but you might as well expect the landlords would share the good acres with us, or anything else—onpossible! Why, they wouldn't turn round in their room to make us the happiest of beings. No, no, that's not their wish—grind, grind, grind, and the agent with them, who, if they had a mind to do us any good, would prevent 'em. Oh, that's far fetched!"

W.—“Why, they would make by it, after ten years.”

P.—“Ay, that's very true; but they would want all it would give for the ten years, if we'd lift the stones for 'em, and turn up the ground for 'em, at fivepence or sixpence per day, and when made good land, give a rent equal to the best land. They might be brought to think of it; but even that they would not do; they would not come over; nor could they spare the money from their big houses abroad,—their feasts,—their companies,—carriages, and many things I know nothin about. No, no, suffer we must, until time works our cure, which must happen sooner or later.”

W.—“Well, Paddy, I see it in a different point of view. If the scheme I mentioned was adopted, do you think murders would occur so frequently?”

P.—“ Oh, the divil a murther you'd ever hear of.”

W.—“ Do you think it would cause less drinking of whiskey ?”

P.—“ Why, half the whiskey that's drunk is from idleness—men having nothing to do than to kill grief.”

W.—“ And to kill men, Paddy ?”

P.—“ Ay, in troth, and to grieve for that after.”

W.—“ Then how do you think the Orangemen and Roman Catholics would get on ?”

P.—“ Oh, they might go whistle to themselves, and beat their drums in their own ears ;—go on their knees, in procession, if they liked, or cut capers in the air for general amusement ; the divil a Roman would ever take the trouble of listening, or even looking at them. Oh, they'd soon die of the hip !”

W.—“ Why, Paddy, your last notion would answer well for the Romans, as you call them, whether our plan goes on or not.”

P.—“ Oh, the divil a better. I often told them so : if they kept never-minding them, they'd soon tire them out. Why, children, one would think, has more sense than men ; for if they had so many years' trial, they'd have stayed in their houses, at home, or gone to bed, rather than humour 'em. Oh, Nabochlesh !”

W.—“ Do you think combinations and night meetings would cease ?”

P.—“ Ah, what the devil would they have to do with combinations or night meetings! Why, they'd have more to do without 'em ;—than they'd be able—scalping the hills. Sure, if they only got a stripe now or then, to give a bit of corn, a few potatoes, and may-be the feeding of a cow or a horse. The pig, one way or another, would make out his own, and the childer, when not at school, might be picking off the stones. What's better than all, the landlord would not be at the expense of watchmen, for we'd all be his watchmen. The Lord help the man that would injure him, or anything that belonged to him! Adad, sir, it makes me lively only to think of it. Ah, if we could live to see it, what a day it would be for Ireland !”

W.—“ Well, Paddy, I don't despair of seeing it realized. Mr. Grattan proposed it years ago : it has oftentimes been mentioned, but no time ever promised to be so friendly as the present ; nor was it ever proposed on the plan I have suggested. I am not in power,—have no place nor pension. I'm not a party man ; therefore I am free to think. I confess I should wish to see my country raise her head, and her sons with her ; their spirits cheered, and some provision for the poor. I have looked on the world, and in my own country, for many years, during many memorable events :—An American war ; a free-trader

for Ireland ; a French revolution ; an Irish rebellion ; an insurrection ; a union between Ireland and Great Britain ; discovery of the use of steam ; Catholic emancipation ; a patriot King, and an upright ministry, eliciting a reform in parliament, which, under such protection, with the people's mind, must ultimately succeed. To the illustrious Earl Grey I shall address some lines. With a heart and mind like his, should he advocate our cause, there could be no doubt of success. Who knows, Paddy, what is in store for us. Let us look forward with prospective eyes and sanguine hopes, and not be cast down with sad despair and moping melancholy : who can tell but, after long-suffering, happiness may be the portion of the poor starving peasantry in the island of saints."

P.—" Ay, sure enough ; and then, your honour, we'll have no occasion to go to Won Demon's Land."

As this plan may by some be considered chimerical, the following example is given to prove its efficacy beyond doubt :—It will not be taken into consideration, perhaps, by those who have recommended the use of bayonets in Ireland to pick the teeth of peasantry, nearly without food or occupation, "steeped in poverty to the very lips." To such directors any plan of amelioration or comfort must prove abortive and unworthy of adoption : it is therefore submitted to the man of feeling for the sufferings of those poor Helots who

have so long endured the unmerited severity of nominal protectors, to try and alleviate their deplorable condition, and give them what will relieve their present wants and provide against the contingencies of the future. Should this plan take place, it will not only serve the Irish labourer and peasant, but improve the state of the English, who are now, from the immense number of Irish visitors in their line, obliged to lower their demands of wages to square with the Irish; then they are, from necessity, applicants for parochial relief, to make up the deficiency of their daily stipend. Not a fourth of the number would come over, had they or their relatives the bit of ground to employ them. Another good to be derived from the adoption of this plan—The great advocate for the Irish would be saved from the irksome labour of speaking language that must enforce attention; his opponents call it virulent, &c. It may be so, but I don't think they would be inclined to listen to the voice of love, were he to deliver his *sentiments in such strains*.

In Arthur Young's *Six Months' Tour through the North of England*, published in 1770, an account is given of the efforts made by Mr. Danby, of Swinton, to improve the condition of the colliers, by whom he was surrounded. He was the owner of a great deal of barren Moor-land; and he determined to allow those of his miners who

chose to labour in their over-hours, small patches of his land for their own cultivation. "By this plan," says the writer, "the whole colliery, from being a scene of idleness, insolence, and riot, is converted into a well-ordered and decently cultivated colony:—it is become a seminary for industry." The most remarkable of these miners was James Croft. This is his story, as much as possible in Arthur Young's words:—"Thirteen years ago he began his husbandry, by taking an acre of moor, which he pared and burnt; his next effort was upon an addition of eight acres, which, however, was too much for him to improve at once; but he effected it all by degrees. These acres were exceedingly stony; so that, after a division by walls built out of the stones, many remained. One acre cost him two months to clear and fill up the holes; some single stones required near a week. Laborious as the work was, he completed it by degrees, and pared and burnt the soil. Two years ago he took in eight acres more, at which he is now hard at work. It is astonishing with what perseverance he attacks the most enormous stones, cutting them in pieces, carrying them away, and then bringing mould to fill the holes up; and he has such an idea of neatness, that he will not pass one. He has five acres of grass; his management of which is:—he lays all the dung he can raise upon it, mixed well

with lime and sometimes with good earth; al^l this dressing he repeats every third year without ever failing. His stock of cattle is three milch cows, and his galloway;—their winter food, hay, turnips, and straw. Besides the mere husbandry of his fields, he has done something in the ornamental way, having surrounded two of his closes with a young plantation of firs, and other trees, which thrive extremely well. Attentive to every object which can render his little farm profitable, convenient, or agreeable, he has, with no slight trouble, directed a little rill of water from the Moors through his fields, by which means he not only has water in every field for his cattle, but can also water some of his grass, and thereby fertilize it much.

He has thus managed, for several years, about nine acres of land, much of it always in tillage, and some constantly fresh breaking up and improving. We have found him cropping his land several years successively (a practice, though bad, yet of increasing labour), never sowing any without a previous ample liming and three or four ploughings; adding to his cultivation by perfectly clearing the fresh soil from stones, some of them of an enormous size, many tons in weight, and by paring and burning in the most spirited and laborious manner. When you consider these circumstances, and that at the same time he has

had the courage to attack eight acres more, ought we not to conclude he has received much assistance either of money or labour, or that many favourable circumstances, hitherto unrelated, have enabled him to make such advances in so spirited a conduct; but the very contrary of all this is the case. His work in the colliery has been regular, equal in every respect to their other men, and in some superior. His hour of going to the mine is twelve o'clock at night; the work is over at noon the next day. The remainder is all the time he has had to perform what I can scarcely call less than wonders. Nor has he ever received the least assistance of any kind, or even expended one shilling in hiring the labour of another man. The quantity of lime he has laid on his ground is very great, and much more than what is used by the neighbouring farmers; the number of ploughings he has given his fields is equally superior; yet all his labour has been performed with a single gallopy: the lime brought six miles. It is astonishing what a spirit of perseverance must have actuated this man, to execute, with such slight engines, works that will put many farmers with teams to the blush. Some assistance in weeding potatoes in harvest-time, and such slight work, he has received from his family; but you may suppose it not considerable, when I tell you, that of four children, he has but one son, about four-

teen years of age, who works with him constantly in the colliery. The time of leaving off work in the mine till that of sleeping, he regularly spent in unremitting labour in his farm. Since his beginning he has never had more than four hours' sleep; and on moonlight or bright starlight nights, seldom so much. The regular severe fatigue of twelve hours' labour in the colliery, has not been sufficient to bow down the spirit of this poor fellow; he applies the remainder of the day, and even steals from the night, to prosecute his favourite works of husbandry, that is to make up his hours of work twenty out of the twenty-four.

Such a conduct requires a genius of a peculiar cast, daring in his courage, and spirited in his ideas; the most extensive plans are neither too vast nor too complicated to be embraced with facility by his bold and comprehensive imagination. With a penetration that sees the remotest difficulty, a prudence and firmness of mind that remove every one the moment it is foreseen, we attribute the wonders he has performed to the powers of his mind, and forget almost that the whole which is executed of his ideas has been the work of his own hands. The severest fatigue, the most assiduous labour, have been unable to quench the fire of the one, or repress the vigour of the other. The greatest, and indeed the only

object of his thoughts, is the improvement of wilds that surround him, over which he casts an anxious but magnanimous eye, wishing for the freedom to attack with his own hands an enemy, the conquest of whom would yield laurels to a man of ample fortune.

“ Few, perhaps, are capable of emulating industry such as this. The task which this poor man performed required great strength of body as well great vigour of mind ; but even a considerably less capacity for labour, systematically exerted, must have produced real comfort and happiness to the miners who took James Croft as their model. The struggle with natural difficulties, followed by the eventual conquest of them, was in itself happiness. The moors were stony and barren ; but labour and art were triumphant. The industry which subdued the barren moors made the cottages smile with their produce. There was increased production and diminished waste ; the excitement of industry took the place of the excitement of drunkenness ; order succeeded to irregularity ; cleanliness to filth ; comfort to squalid poverty ; content and peace to brawling riot.”

THE END.

